



No. 337.—VOL. XXVI.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1899.

SIXPENCE.

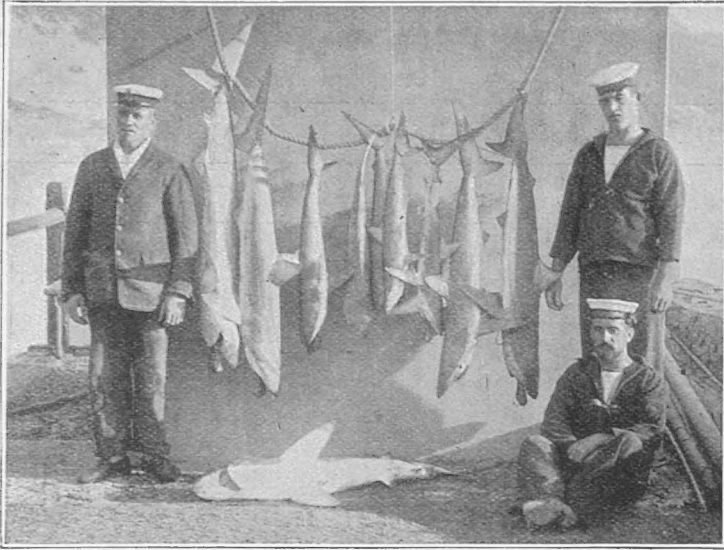


TWO VETERANS: LORD ROBERTS AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

The Duke of Connaught, the Queen's soldier son, has held and holds many important appointments in the Army, and saw active service in Egypt in 1882, when he commanded the Brigade of Guards. Until last year he was Lieutenant-General Commanding the Troops at Aldershot. Lord Roberts, first Baron of Kandahar and Waterford, and endeared to Tommy Atkins as "Bobs," is one of our most distinguished Generals. He established his fame in the Afghan War of 1880. This photograph has been taken by Chancellor, of Dublin.

FISHING FOR BASS.

What a splendid time the British tar has when on a foreign station! Look, for instance, at the fish on this page, which have been caught by Admiral Sir Robert Harris, the Commander-in-Chief at the Cape, and

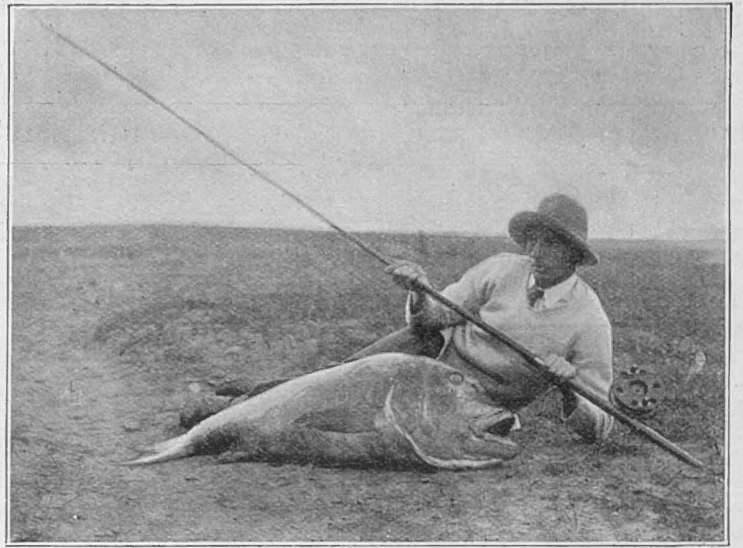


A RECORD MORNING'S HAUL.

Lieutenant M. A. Kennard, his Flag-Lieutenant on H.M.S. *Doris*, a twin-screw cruiser which is the flag-ship of the station. Sir Robert, who distinguished himself in Crete, is probably one of the best sportsmen in the Navy. An enthusiastic angler, he and Lieutenant Kennard have recently been making record catches of bass. The last photograph on this page shows four monster fish, which Lieutenant Kennard, who is also a clever photographer, has pictured. The fish scale 35 lb. (caught by the Admiral), and 80, 22, and 18 lb., which fell to the rod of the Lieutenant. They were caught in Simon's Bay, where the *Doris* is stationed. It was in Simonstown, as I noted last week, that Admiral Harris's eldest daughter was recently married

SOME CONFIDING WILD CREATURES.

It must be a painful business to "collect" specimens of birds which are so confiding that they allow themselves to be caught by hand. I imagine that the spots on earth's surface where wild creatures are so



LIEUTENANT KENNARD AND A BIG BASS.

tame must be very few nowadays, but a party of American naturalists have discovered such a place in the Tres Marias, a small group of islands off the coast of Mexico. There is a settlement of some twenty-five families on the largest island, but the others are uninhabited and have been so since futile attempts to cultivate them, made many years ago, ended in their relapse into jungle. These scientific collectors found the rabbits so unsophisticated that they squatted contentedly in the open while the camera was set up and their portraits taken at close quarters. The Grayson's Orioles, a very beautiful species, not unlike our rare visitor, the Golden Oriole, did not wait for the scientific collector to come to them; they hopped down to the lowest boughs as he passed through the woods to



LIEUTENANT M. A. KENNARD, R.N., AND THE MONSTER BASS HE AND ADMIRAL HARRIS CAUGHT.

From Photographs by Lieutenant Kennard.

to Mr. Johnstone, Lieutenant in the 2nd Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles. Elsewhere in the present issue I give a picture of the wedding-cake, surmounted by a cruiser, photographed by Lieutenant Kennard, who is a son of Mr. Edward Kennard, the well-known hunting-man, and himself a clever photographer.

inspect him, without the least suspicion that he might be dangerous. It was a wren which allowed itself to be taken in the hand and went on feeding unconcernedly when released. Like the orioles and some others, this wren belonged to a resident species; migratory birds which had made man's acquaintance elsewhere were not among the tame species.

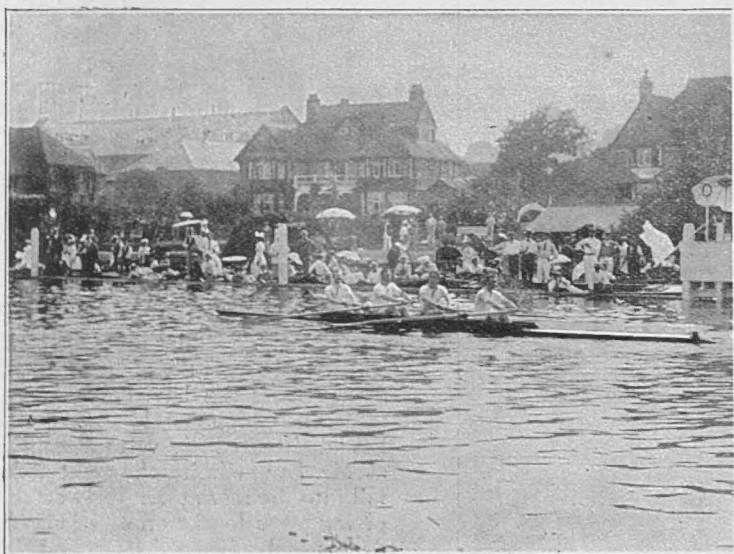
GLORIOUS HENLEY: BRILLIANT AND BEAUTIFUL.

The great regatta opened last Wednesday in brilliant weather. The numbers attending were comparatively small, but the day's enjoyment was voted none the less on that account. The great feature of this year's regatta was the boom staking off the course. About this innovation opinion was considerably divided, but locomotion was found to be easier than it has been for a long time, a happy consummation which the pro-boom party have set down to their own credit. The second day brought weather somewhat less brilliant, but a larger crowd. The Stewards' Cup (second round) was one of Thursday's exciting events, when the German crew gave Balliol College a nasty jar and a sound beating. On Friday, however, our Teutonic friends had to yield to the Magdalen College four. Friday saw a falling off in spectators, but those who did attend were enthusiastic. Eton made a popular win for the Ladies' Challenge Cup. The final for the Diamond Sculls was smartly contested by Howell, of the Thames Rowing Club, and Blackstaffe, of the Vesta. Blackstaffe went off at a tremendous pace, rowing forty

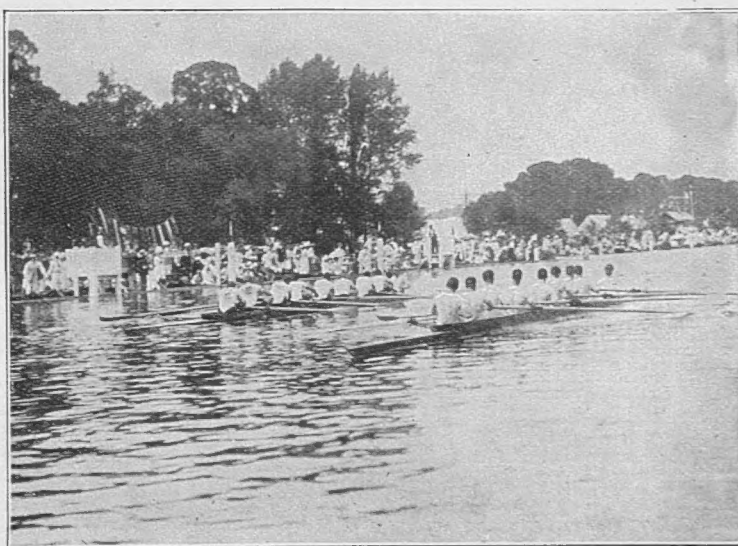


IN THE GRAND STAND ENCLOSURE.

Blackstaffe stopped for a moment as if dead-beat, and, though he afterwards made a stiff fight, he was easily beaten by four lengths. Leander



WYFOLD CHALLENGE CUP: LONDON PASSING THE WINNING-POST.



GRAND CHALLENGE CUP: LONDON BEAT ARGONAUT.

to Howell's thirty. This, however, was too hot to last, and Howell, with a grand, long stroke, crept up level at Fawley. On this,

(Phillips and Willis) won the Silver Goblets and Nickalls Challenge Cup, while Balliol secured the "Visitors' in competition with

New College. Balliol shortly settled down, and drew quickly ahead. At the top of the Island they were clear, and their style was distinctly the better. Balliol steered well, and at half-distance had still a length to the good, but at this point New College spurted, and for a time seemed likely to get ahead. At three-quarters of a mile distance they were only two-thirds of a length astern, but Balliol, quickening the stroke, soon regained their former advantage. New College, again attempting to spurt, became ragged, and Balliol, seizing the opportunity, increased their advantage still further. On nearing home, however, they slowed down, and won by one length. The weather of the closing day was again delightful, and the picnic character of Henley was more apparent than ever. In the evening the usual firework displays were given, and Henley Bridge was illuminated with fairy-lamps.

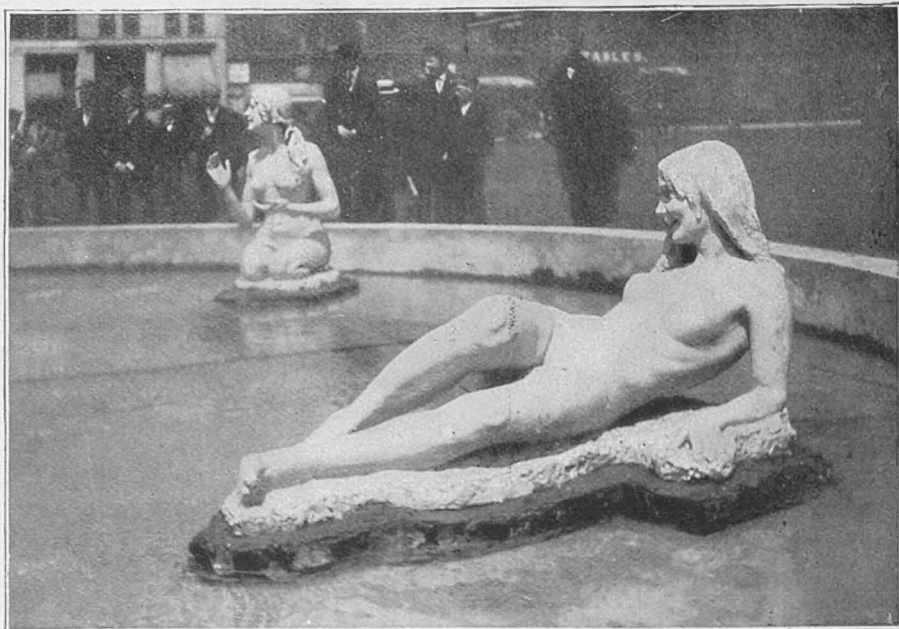


IN CLUBLAND.

CHICAGO'S WONDERFUL FOUNTAIN.

Lake Front, Chicago, has just been decorated with a wonderful fountain, which, if the truth were told, is better in Chicago than in Glasgow, where the powers that be would, without doubt, find it unacceptable, even anathema. When the Chicago people awoke to find it, the other morning, sentiment was divided, and the propriety of the group was keenly debated. The basin of the fountain is enclosed by a stone coping forty-two feet in diameter. Within this there is a representation of ten female figures, supposed to be bathers. These, as the American scribe has it in his own manner, "sport in spraying waters." The central group consists of four girls, who are being teased by six other girl bathers near the outer circle, who are splashing water over them. The fountain has been designed by Lorado Taft, head of the Chicago Art Institute. The artist has been working night and day for some time to complete the group, and has been assisted by his pupils, who have taken the keenest interest in it. The inevitable interviewer, of course, invaded his studio, and found Mr. Taft bareheaded, working pans of staff into a large figure. He was covered with plaster-of-Paris, and almost resembled a statue himself. The same proof of enthusiasm decorated his lady assistants. The interviewer, with a critical insight which did him credit, suggested to the sculptor that such a scene as the statuary represented was rather *naïf*, especially on the Lake Front. The artist admitted that in real life it would indeed be *naïf*, but the surroundings were the best that could be provided. Questioned as to the original idea, he said that the design occurred to him at Bass Lake last summer. At the same time, he believed that the true

under varied guise, in the new. But, while maintaining this position in the present edition, certain chapters of it are revised to accord with the modified views as to the nature of the greater gods of barbaric races which are the subject-matter of Mr. Lang's recent book on the "Making of Religion." Further examination of materials has led him to the



AN UP-TO-DATE NYMPH.



CHICAGO ELDERS AND YOUNG MEN GAZE ON THE SCULPTURE.

original would be found in his recollections of the sculptured nymphs and naiads which decorate the gardens of Paris and Versailles. The fountain in its present form is only temporary. Mr. Taft hopes one day to see it reproduced in imperishable bronze.

"MYTH, RITUAL, AND RELIGION."

No better piece of work than "Myth, Ritual, and Religion" (Longmans) has come from Mr. Lang's versatile pen, and, as the book went speedily out of print on its publication in 1887, the reissue, especially at one-third of the original price of a guinea, is welcome. It is a valuable contribution to our interpretation of the facts bearing on the continuity of man's intellectual and religious development, and Mr. Lang has skilfully marshalled the forces of anthropological material in vanquishment of the philological theories of the origin and growth of mythological beliefs of which Professor Max Müller, sublimely indifferent to the defeat, remains the impenitent defender. Mr. Lang shows that the grotesque and often repellent features present in the mythologies of civilised peoples are survivals of ideas which were the mental stock-in-trade of their barbaric ancestors, ideas persisting, just as the old, gathering veneration with rolling time, ever persists,

conclusion that, while the savage has had no supernatural revelation accorded him, he has formed certain exalted conceptions of his "high gods," which, in their lofty moral tone, are equal to those found among advanced races. Much of the argument rests on the meanings of the names which Australian and other savages attach to their gods, and the uncertainty of some of these meanings will justify Mr. Lang's opponents in turning the weapons he has used against Professor Max Müller upon himself. Then, apart from the objection that savage races can have only savage ideas, the "high moral" conception has admittedly little value, because, as Mr. Lang admits, the great gods fall into the rear at an early stage, giving place to the crowd of minor deities and allied spirits that rule every detail of the life of man. But "it goes without saying" that Mr. Lang illumines a difficult question with charm of style and brightness of illustration.



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From	A	B	C	A	D	E	F	H	G	E	H
Victoria ...	8 10	9 0	9 25	9 30	9 50	10 5	10 40	10 40	11 5	11 15	12 15
Kensington ...	7 20	8 45	9 10	9 10	9 30	10 10	10 10	10 10	11 10	11 10	12 10
Clapham Junction ...	8 15	9 10	9 30	9 35	9 55	10 12	10 45	10 45	11 12	11 20	12 22
London Bridge ...	8 5	8 40	9 25	9 25	10 5	9 25	12 0	...

* (Addison Road). A.—Every Week-day, 12s., 8s. 6d., 6s. B.—Every Sunday. C.—Every Week-day, 7s. 5s., 3s. 6d. D.—Every Week-day, 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing, including Pullman Car to Brighton. E.—Every Saturday, 10s. 6d. F.—Every Saturday, 11s. G.—Every Sunday, Pullman Car 13s. 6d. First Class 11s. 6d. H.—Every Sunday, 10s. First Class 12s., Pullman Car.

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WEEK-DAYS.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Paddington ... dep.	5 30	7 25	8 50	9 0	9 30	10 30	10 35	10 45	11 30	11 45	11 45
Weymouth ... arr.	1B20	4 12	...
Guernsey	5 30
Jersey	7 30
Minehead ...	11 55	1 0	...	3 30
Ilfracombe ...	2 23	4 18	6 2	6 55	...
Exeter ...	1 58	12 12	...	1 46	...	2 13	2 28	...	3 40	4 9	...
Dawlish ...	11 21	14 48	...	2 19	...	3 27	4 33
Teignmouth ...	11 34	12 59	...	2 30	...	3 38	4 46
Torquay ...	12 20	1 37	...	3 2	...	4 17	...	4 25	5 27
Plymouth (Mill Bay) ...	12 53	2 3	3A37	3A53	6 0
Newquay	5 55	6 23	8 42
Falmouth ...	4 18	6 18	6 40	9 0
St. Ives ...	5 25	7 15	9 32
Penzance ...	4 58	7 7	9 23
Tenby ...	3 0	6 20
Dolgelly
Barmouth
Aberystwyth

	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	night.	night.
Paddington ... dep.	1 15	2 10	3 0	6 0	9 0	9 15	9 45	12 0	13 10	...
Weymouth ... arr.	7 5	11 0	2B 5
Guernsey	6 30
Jersey	9 0
Minehead ...	6 50	...	8 25	9D15
Ilfracombe	9 29	12D 5
Exeter ...	5 51	...	7 22	11 6	2 28	...	5 0
Dawlish ...	6 13	...	8 14	11 28	7 40
Teignmouth ...	6 26	...	7 52	11 39	3 0	...	7 54
Torquay ...	7 9	...	8 30	12 17	3 40	...	7E32
Plymouth (Mill Bay) ...	7A46	...	9 10	1 0	4 35	...	9D55
Newquay	7 0	...	10 25
Falmouth ...	10 40	7 35	...	11 8
St. Ives	7 25	...	11 3
Penzance ...	11 2	6 35
Tenby
Dolgelly	9 10	10D 5
Barmouth	9C50	11D20
Aberystwyth	9 45	11 35

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	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ... dep.	5 15	7 10	10 0	11 30	2 0
Edinburgh (Princes Street) arr.	3 50	5 50	6 30	7 55	10 30
Glasgow (Central) ...	3 30	6 0	6 45	7 55	10 30
Greenock ...	4 22	7 5	7 40	9 13	11 17
Gourock ...	4 31	7 15	7 50	9 22	11 27
Oban ...	5 5	4 45
Perth ...	5 30	...	8 0	...	12 20
Inverness—via Dunkeld	5 10
Dundee ...	7 15	...	8 40	...	1 5
Aberdeen ...	9 5	...	10 15	...	3 0
Ballater	8 55
Inverness—via Aberdeen	7 50

* On Saturday nights the 8.50 and 11.50 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to Stations marked * (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

X—Passengers for Inverness and Aberdeen must leave London by the 8.50 p.m. train on Saturday nights. The 11.50 p.m. has no connection to these Stations on that night.

A—On Saturdays passengers by the 2 p.m. train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

B—The Night Express leaving Euston at 8 p.m. will run every night (except Saturdays).

C—Passengers by the 7.45 p.m. from Euston will arrive at Inverness at 8.35 a.m. from July 25 to August 12. This Train does not run on Saturday nights.

A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave EUSTON (SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, and FRIDAY, AUG. 4, excepted) at 6.20 p.m., up to AUG. 8, inclusive, for the CONVEYANCE OF HORSES AND PRIVATE CARRIAGES to all parts of Scotland. A SPECIAL CARRIAGE for the CONVEYANCE OF DOGS will be attached to this train.

ON FRIDAY, AUG. 4, HORSES AND PRIVATE CARRIAGES FOR SCOTLAND WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED FOR LOADING AT EUSTON STATION, but arrangements will be made for dealing with them at Kensington (Addison Road) Station. A Special Train will leave Kensington (Addison Road) at 6 p.m.

For further particulars see the Companies' Time Tables, Guides, and Notices.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager, L. and N. W. Railway.

JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

July 1899.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

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	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
London (King's Cr.) dep.	5 15	7 15	8 45	9 45	10 0	10 15	10 25	10 35	10 55	11 20	11 45
Sheringham ... arr.	10 11	1 3	2 27
Cromer (Beach) ...	10 20	1 12	2 35
Mundesley-on-Sea ...	11 4	1 49	3 12
Skegness ...	9 29	11 20	1 15
Ilkley ...	10 22	12 37
Harrogate ...	10 47	1 0	...	2 22	3 33	4 23
Scarborough ...	11 15	2 55	4 35	...	4 33	4 40	6 0
Whitby ...	12 17	4 17	5 54	5 54	6 0
Filey ...	11 38	...	3 30	4 8	...	4 8	4 39	5 25	6 23
Bridlington ...	11 50	...	3 12	4 39	5 30	4 39	5 0	4 57	5 51
Redcar ...	12 13	3 51	4 56	...	5 21
Saltburn ...	12 27	4 5	5 11	...	5 31
Seaton Carew ...	12 13	3 48	4 38	...	5 27

	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cr.) dep.	1230	1 10	1 30	2 20	3 0	3 25	3 45	4 15	5 45	10 30	11 30
Sheringham ... arr.	...	4 49	7 9
Cromer (Beach)	5 0	7 15
Mundesley-on-Sea	5 39	8 34
Skegness ...	4 13	...	5 30	7 25	9 45
Ilkley	6 6	8 57	11 2	8 47	...
Harrogate ...	7 6	...	6 17	7 33	8 38	10 56	5C50	...
Scarborough	7 5	9 45	11 35	...	5 35
Whitby	8 54	...	10 24	6 20
Filey	7 31	8 25	...	10 2	6F42
Bridlington	6 44	8 53	...	9 14	11 43	...	7F19
Redcar	8 13	8 44	...	10 34	6A36
Saltburn	8 27	8 58	...	10 48	6A49
Seaton Carew	7 44	8 11	...	10 25	12 14	...	7A35

* Through Carriages to Sheringham and Cromer by these trains. † Through Carriages to Harrogate by these trains. A—On Sunday mornings arrives at Redcar 7.56, Saltburn 8.10, and Seaton Carew 9.26. B—First- and Third-Class Luncheon-Car Express. C—On Sunday mornings is due Harrogate 8.5. D—First- and Third-Class Corridor Dining-Car Express. E—Third-Class Luncheon-Car Express. Will not be run on Mondays or Wednesdays. F—Not on Sunday mornings. G—Saturdays only.

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July 1899.

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PORT RUSH, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, CUSHENDALL.

VALE OF AVOCA, GLENDALOUGH.

LIMERICK, CASTLECONNELL, CLIFFS OF MOHER.

REMARKABLE THINGS CARELESSLY MISLAID.

About the middle of July last an advertisement appeared in a North Country paper stating that a reward of fifty pounds was offered by a great engineering firm to anyone who produced a full-grown torpedo that had been lost about a mile and a-half east of the Trow Rocks. It was comforting to learn that there were no explosives in the torpedo, which was quite harmless; but the public were warned that it should be handled with care, lest the propellers should endeavour to keep up the character of the missile by doing as much damage as lay in their sphere of action. Whether or not the missing missile was ever recovered I am unable to say, but, strangely enough, a month later, a similar "fish" put in an appearance at Aldeburgh, in Suffolk. This torpedo was marked with a crown and numbered 2414 X, and, though originally charged with a working pressure of 1050 lb., when it was recovered it was quite exhausted. If this sort of thing continues, torpedo-fishing will become quite a popular sport on the East Coast.

Early in 1897 a peculiar case was tried at Woolwich regarding an extraordinary piece of lost property. It appeared that a gentleman purchased for £15 a boiler whose size can be estimated from the fact that it took six horses and twenty men to move it. While this operation was being carried out, the boiler, by some remarkable freak, managed to lose itself, and where it went to no man knew, nor could they find out, though the police were put on its track and it was requested to return to its sorrowing friends. Some years elapsed, and then, when a surveyor in the Office of Works was estimating the value of a fine crop of scrap-iron that a piece of ground known as "No Man's Land" had yielded, he spied the boiler; but, being ignorant of its history, ordered it to be sold by auction, at which sale it realised £2 10s. Then it was that the original owner recognised his long-lost property, and sued the surveyor for the £15 it cost him. Eventually, the Judge awarded him ten guineas, while the surveyor received five shillings for the trespass. It transpired that the three-years-lost boiler had hid itself on a piece of land quite near its owner's residence.

A short time ago, the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton Railway Company had to issue quite a pathetic advertisement in the local papers. They had, it seems, fixed a twenty-eight-ton steel bridge on three flat cars chained together, and despatched the same to Dayton, with their blessing. At an intermediate station the bridge was observed to be bearing the journey extremely well, and was seemingly in the best of spirits; nevertheless, when the train arrived at its destination not a sign of the bridge could be discovered, and, owing to the inability of the company to discover any trace of their lost property, the advertisement was issued, begging the public, should it meet with a wandering bridge, to return the same to its owners with all despatch, when a substantial reward would be given in exchange. It was thought that the twenty-eight-tonner had slipped off at a sharp curve on the line.

Nearer home, we had the case of railway-waggon No. 60,474 only a few months ago. This wandering waggon is the property of the London and North-Western Railway, and fifteen months ago it was discovered to be missing, though no reason for this strange conduct could be suggested. Not only was the waggon lost, but naturally its contents, consisting of one ton of copper, were with it, and, although there was no apprehension felt lest it should play ducks and drakes with the same, yet it was thought just as well to issue a notice to the station-masters, inspectors, and foremen likely to come in contact with it between Cwmavon and Beccles, its destination, and that of the 141 ingots, branded "R. T." with a crown between the letters, with which it was loaded. Towards the end of August the waggon turned up smiling in a siding at Leicester, but how it got there passed the understanding of all railway-men.

Many of our readers familiar with Belgian railways will know the line between Antwerp and Termonde, between which towns a terrible catastrophe was thought to have occurred early in the spring of 1897. The passengers at the intermediate stations between these places, after waiting for some considerable time for the train due to leave the former place at eight minutes past seven in the evening, were not a little alarmed when no train was forthcoming. Many people thought an accident had happened, others shook their heads and thought of all the kidnapping stories they had ever read, whilst the light-hearted suggested that the errant train had lost its way. As a matter of fact, there was no accident, and no train-napping, nor did the engine lose its way; indeed, the only individuals who lost anything were the officials who lost their heads, and, by an unaccountable oversight, forgot to despatch the train.

HOLIDAYS IN GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, NORWAY, &c.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

While Londoners have had the opportunity of seeing a monster Volunteer review, the Highland Volunteer Brigade have had an encampment all to themselves at the Duke of Richmond's palatial place, Gordon Castle. The number on parade was, Brigade Staff, 8; 1st V.B.S.H. (Ross-shire), 546; 1st Sutherland, 700; 3rd V.B.S.H. (Morayshire), 923; 6th V.B.G.H. (Banffshire), 486; 1st V.B.C.H. (Inverness-shire), 723. Total, 3586. The feature of the camp was the kilted Volunteers, who, as you will see from these pictures, looked very soldierly. Why don't the London Scottish adopt a tartan too?



OFFICERS OF THE 1ST VOLUNTEER BATTALION OF THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

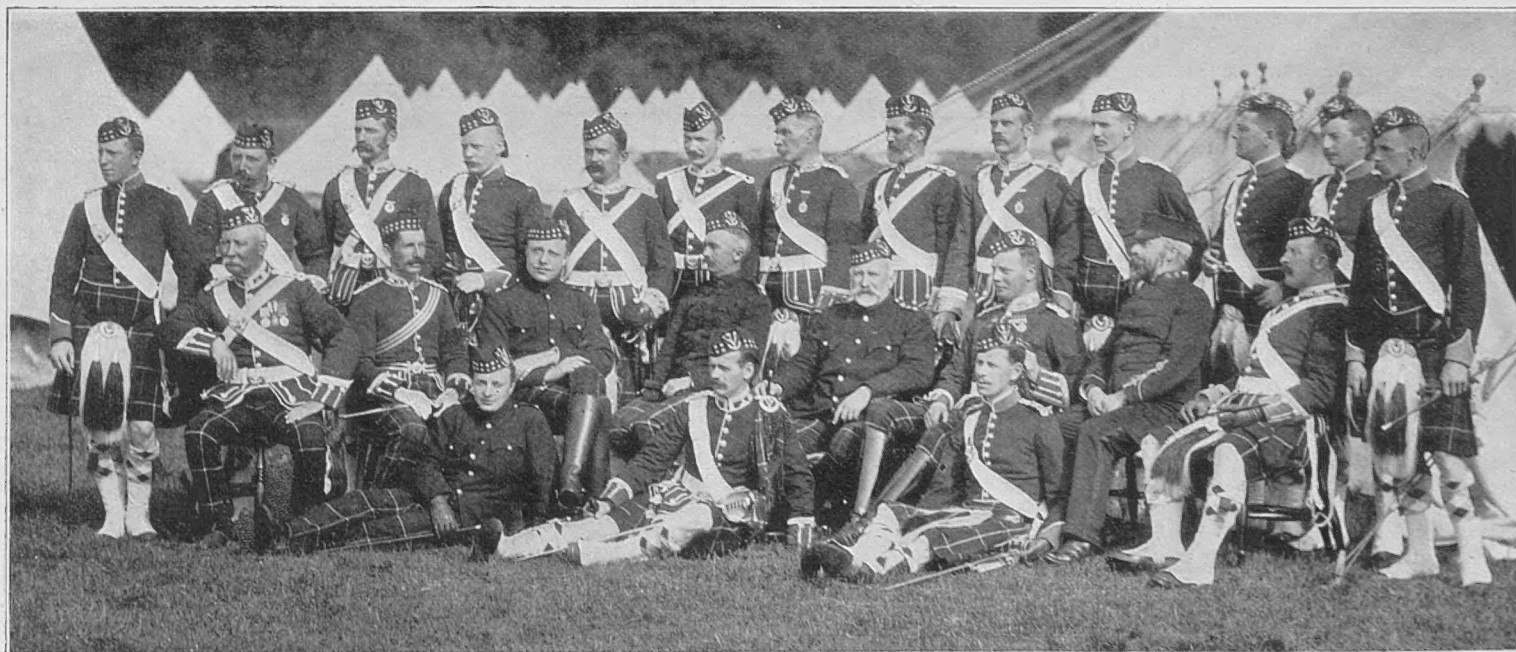
British naval officers may well regard their American confrères with something approaching envy, for under a new law the latter have had their pay-tables rearranged, greatly to their advantage in most cases. Under this new scheme an American Admiral will draw £2700 a-year, whereas a British officer of the same rank receives only £1825. A British senior Captain gets £821, while the American officer of this rank is paid by a grateful country £700. It might be thought that there was something wrong here, but the explanation is that this is the pay of all American Captains, while the junior British officers are paid only just over £410 a-year. There are other circumstances which render the position of the United States officer enviable. Coming to Commanders, on this side of the Atlantic they receive £1 a-day, while on the other the pay is almost twice this. The pay of American Lieutenants ranges from £300 to £360, while in our service it begins at £182 10s., and rises to £255 10s. Thus every officer of the United States Navy is now getting considerably more than British officers, in the case of the Admirals as much as £3 a-day more, and in the case of Captains a matter of from eight shillings to seventeen-and-sixpence a-day. Anyone who will take the trouble to compare the incomes of the senior officers of the Navy with those of men who are in the front rank of other professions will see that the naval officer is not by any means highly paid, especially if regard be had to the national responsibilities that rest upon him.

Dr. James Hutchison Stirling, leader of the small school of Hegelians in this country, who has just entered his eightieth year—he was born at Glasgow on June 22, 1820—has resided for a good many years at

Trinity, a northern suburb of Edinburgh adjoining the Firth of Forth. Though his years are thus almost fourscore, his relish for work remains unabated, and the early part of every day is spent in his favourite metaphysical pursuits. At one time the philosopher's recreation was boating; he now confines himself to the old-fashioned constitutional—a lengthy walk every day, to which he attributes his continued health and capacity for work. The book by which Dr. Stirling is best known—"The Secret of Hegel," a revised edition of which was issued a couple of years ago—was first published in 1865, the same year in which his biography of Sir William Hamilton appeared. In 1869 he gave to the world a treatise on "Protoplasm in Rela-

tion to Huxley's Essay on the Physical Basis of Life." More popular works are his critical studies of Jerrold, Tennyson, and Macaulay, "Philosophy of the Poets," "Thomas Carlyle's Counsels," and a "Memoir of George Cupples," published in 1894. Dr. Hutchison Stirling, who, by the way, began life as a physician, was Gifford Lecturer in Edinburgh University in 1889-90; he is an old-time friend of the author of "Mark Rutherford," and his daughter, Miss Amelia Hutchison Stirling, was coadjutor with that distinguished writer in the translation of the "Ethic" and "Tractatus de Intellectus Emendatione" of Spinoza.

It is curious how every London newspaper, in the reports of the meeting of members of both Houses of Parliament interested in the project of uniting Great Britain and Ireland by tunnel, gave "Portobello," in Wigtownshire, as the point in this country whence the tunnel would open. Portpatrick, the quaint old-world village, and starting-point for the Irish packet in pre-railway days, should, of course, have been the place mentioned. It is not, by the way, the first time this scheme has been before the public.



OFFICERS OF THE 3RD VOLUNTEER BATTALION OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. STEWART, ELGIN.

Colonel Vincent Rivaz, of the Indian Staff Corps, who is being placed on the unemployed supernumerary list on attaining the limit of age, does not seem to have been too well rewarded for his thirty-nine years' service. Joining the Bengal Artillery in 1860, he was transferred to the Indian Staff Corps ten years later, and took part in the two Hazara Campaigns of 1868 and 1891. He was with the Dooar Valley Expedition in 1872, served through the Afghan War of 1878-80, and also in the Mahsood-Wuzeeree Valley Expedition in the following year, being "A.A.G." of the Punjab Field Force from 1881-86. Yet, in spite of his medals and three "mentions," he retires, after more than thirty-nine years' service in the East, as a Colonel.

Fleet Street has been knocked about a good deal of late, and now it is the turn of Johnson's Court, where the house-breaker (legal variety) is busy with his hammer. Curiously enough, Johnson's Court has no connection with Dr. Samuel. It bore the name—as Maitland wrote in 1739—before the Dictionary-maker ever set his ponderous foot in it.

The death of Mr. Arthur Tennyson reminds me of an amusing music-hall *mot* that went the rounds after the death of the late Poet Laureate. It will be remembered that a popular "double-handed" turn is given at "the halls" by a couple styling themselves Tennyson and O'Gorman, and a brother artist, on being told casually that Tennyson was dead, blurted out excitedly, "Good Heavens! What will poor O'Gorman do?" Such is fame!

Surely this picture is pathetic. It shows you some of the patients at the London Hospital out in the grounds listening to a concert given by the Musical Society of the students on a fine day.



AN OUTDOOR CONCERT AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

Photo by E. H. Hamack.

A few weeks ago I noted some remarks in a Society paper to the effect that Torquay, usually considered the Riviera of England, was as cool in summer as it is warm in winter. I must confess I was sceptical. Knowing, however, that its scenery cannot be surpassed, and wanting a change, I went. I might say, I went to scoff and remained to bless. Torquay is surprisingly cool at the present time, and during the recent tropical weather in London was delightfully enjoyable. When one comes to consider its peninsular position, it is not surprising, for the fact that the town is nearly surrounded by the sea is sufficient to prevent the scorching heat usually experienced even at popular summer seaside resorts like Margate and Yarmouth. Statistics prove that in the hottest summer the thermometer constantly ranges eight to ten degrees lower than at Kew.

In addition to the cooling effects of the sea, there are always, even in the hottest of summers, cool breezes fanning the tops and sides of the hills, and this I realised to perfection during my stay at the Imperial Hotel. This magnificent establishment is built on one of these heights, and you can walk in the grounds, which slope down to the water's edge, and revel in balmy breezes, no matter what the temperature. While on the subject of the Imperial, which has entertained more royal guests than any other seaside hotel, the loftiness of all the rooms is something to talk about, and the hand-painted decorations of the *salle-à-manger* and Lounge a revelation. Under the régime of Mr. F. Fischer, of Colombo and Singapore, the hotel has gone ahead immensely during the past few years. He is not only a very able manager, but is very popular, and, having an immense following of Eastern notabilities and travellers, it is almost certain that, if you have travelled at all, during a stay at the Imperial you will run across someone or other you have known abroad.

An interesting little ceremony has just taken place at the famous and romantic Convent of Monté Oliveto Maggiore, near Siena. Among

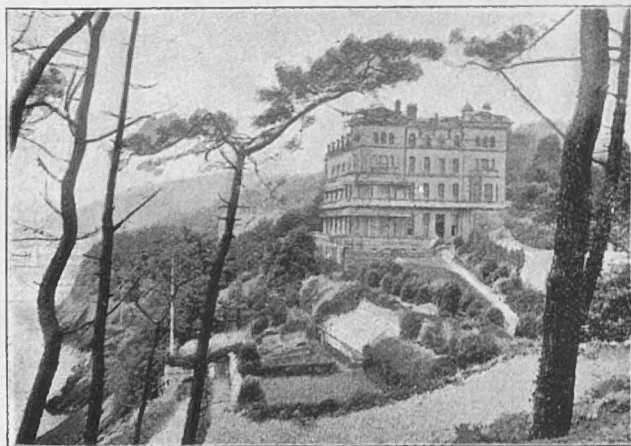
the many charming old-world nooks nestled in the heart of the Apennines or tucked away in shady by-ways of Tuscany, perhaps none has a greater fascination for English art-pilgrims than the monastery where lived for so



THE CONVENT OF MONTE OLIVETO MAGGIORE.

many years the hero of Paul Bourget's "Un Saint." But it was long years before "Sensations d'Italie" had become the delightful after-glow to many a tourist in Italy that the saintly Abbot Gaetano di Negro was known and loved by hundreds of English travellers who had partaken of his rare hospitality and come under the uplifting influence of his life.

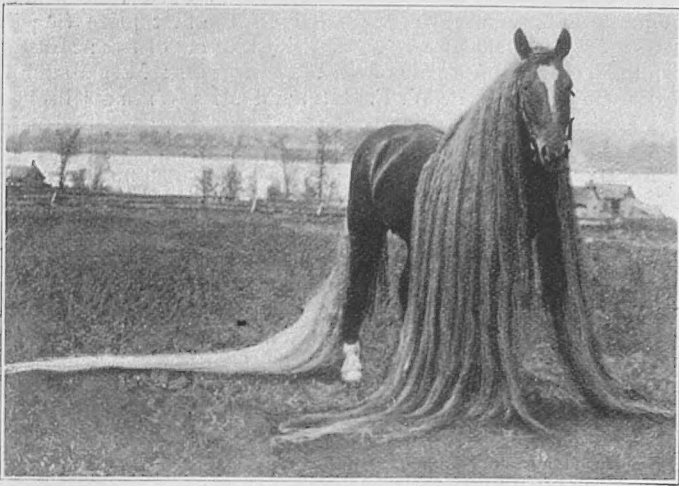
Two years ago, the Abbot di Negro died, and so sincere and enduring was the sorrow felt at his loss, that, returning thither, his old friends longed to set up some memorial of their affection. This undertaking was promoted by Lord and Lady Carlisle; the Misses Lucas, of Rome and Penrith; Miss Helen Zimmern, of Florence; Berenson, the well-known art-critic, and others. So generous and plentiful were the offerings in reply to the requests for funds and so general the goodwill toward the movement that an exquisite slab of Greek marble was given as his part of the offering by Signor Stefano Bardini, the Florentine antiquary, and the design of the inscription was presented by Mr. Herbert Horne, of Kelmscott Press fame. After the expenses of carving and other incidental fees had been subtracted, there remained so large and substantial a sum that a considerable addition was able to be placed to the account of the Abbot di Negro Charity Fund, which has so wide a field of labour in the miserable districts surrounding the monastery. The inscription on the stone records the gratitude felt by his friends from *outré mer* to this faithful guardian of the art-treasures of his monastery, and for the courtesy and hospitality universally extended to visitors within its walls. The text was composed by the learned Prefect of the Laurenziana Library of Florence, and is executed in pure Renaissance Gothic. The placing of the stone in the refectory was made the occasion of a ceremony graceful and touching in the extreme, when the cities of Florence and Siena were represented to witness the handing over to the Government of this



THE IMPERIAL HOTEL, TORQUAY.

token of regard. The foreign donors were well represented, and the occasion was presided over by Miss Zimmern. A lunch was given to the white-robed brothers by the Committee, and the guests remained over-night at the monastery.

This strange horse, Linus II., belonging to Mr. James K. Rutherford, of Waddington, New York, has the most beautiful silky hair, almost like a woman's. When the horse is not on exhibition, the mane is braided



A HORSE WHO OUGHT TO GET HIS HAIR CUT.

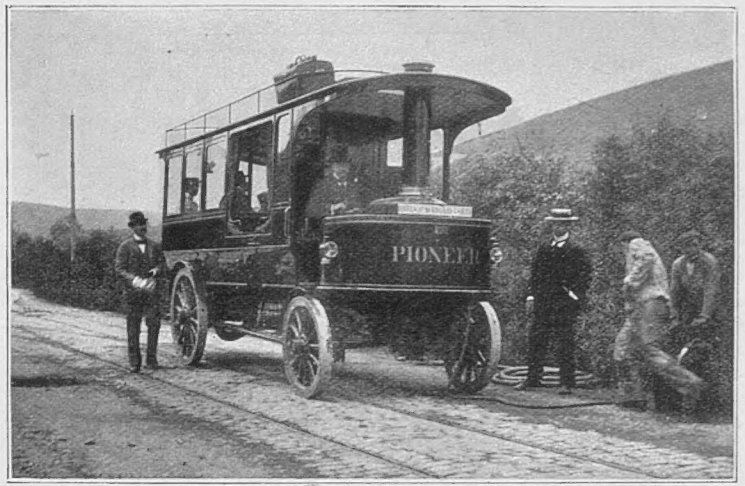
and done up in tags, five on each side. In the picture only one braid is undone on the left side of the horse.

This, a large baobab-tree, is about six hours' journey from Ambrizette, South Africa, on the way to Mussera. The tree has the appearance of having split itself in two through the two large branches having got at loggerheads with each other some time or other and separating. This separation has providentially formed a hole about eight feet deep in the trunk, which fills with water in the rainy season, and thus provides refreshment for the carriers during the dry season.

It seems a long while since New Zealand could have been a hunting-ground for bushrangers, yet the grave pictured on this page brings the old days back, like a flash, when the West Coast of New Zealand, at the time of the big gold rush, was haunted by a fiendish gang of bushrangers who murdered a number of lucky gold-finders, among them being a Government engineer, named George Dobson. A monument to his memory was erected on the spot where he was murdered, and a little village has sprung up close by which is called after his name.

A heavy omnibus, driven by steam, generated by paraffin-oil burning in a Bunsen-burner arrangement, and weighing at least two tons without passengers and luggage, has just made a perfectly successful journey from East Cowes to St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover. Under its own steam it went on board the cargo-boat at East Cowes, and under its own steam it went off the boat at Southampton. From Southampton to Portsmouth it made an easy run, and was safely housed for the night in the kindly shelter provided by the stable-yard of the Tramways Company. One of the travellers sends me the following description

of the tour: "At 8 a.m. next morning, June 24, an itinerant seller's stock of oil was purchased from his barrow, and, by the gallon, measured out and run into the oil-tanks. At 9 a.m. we started, and in thirty-five

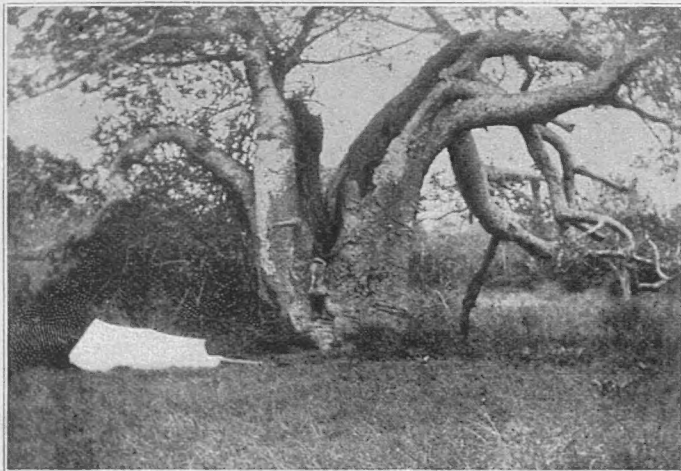


A MOTOR-CAR THAT RUNS BETWEEN ST. MARGARET'S BAY AND DOVER.

minutes arrived at Havant, Fishbourne being reached in fifty-two minutes. Chichester was made at 11 a.m., and Tortington at 12.25, Arundel at 12.32, Brighton at 4.45; Lewes Gaol was passed at 5.55, and the Warrior Square Hotel, at Hastings, reached at exactly 11 p.m. Next day we left Warrior Square at noon. At Winchelsea we strayed off to admire the ancient buildings of the place, and then began the terrible descent to the Romney Marshes below. We went down easily, and the awful turn, at a very steep gradient, which on many occasions has proved fatal to cyclists and travelling caravans, was taken by our vehicle without a murmur. St. Mary's we made at 5.45 p.m., and Folkestone at 7.30. Next day the steep Dover Hill out of that town was an easy spin, and so, later on, were the Castle Hill and the terrible descent down into St. Margaret's Bay." The car, which is now regularly plying for hire between the Bay and Dover, is the first to be put on the road in that district by the Dover and East Kent Motor-Bus Company, Limited.

There is a Parson's Public-house at Hampton Lucy, no long distance from either Stratford-on-Avon or Warwick, and close to Charlecote Park, from which Shakspeare stole the deer. The Rev. Osbert Mordaunt, Rector of Hampton Lucy, has been running this house for several years

now, and the Bishop of Chester's Bill was, to some extent, founded upon the experiment, but one does not hear of many imitators. Probably the difficulty of getting hold of houses at moderate prices is the main obstacle to some people becoming amateur Bonifaces. Mr. Mordaunt says the principles of the system are (1) The sale of pure beer; (2) The person who sells must have no interest in the profits; and he thinks it is necessary to do £300 worth of business a-year to get profits. When there are such at Hampton Lucy, they go to local charities.



A TREE THAT HAS A WELL IN THE MIDDLE OF IT.

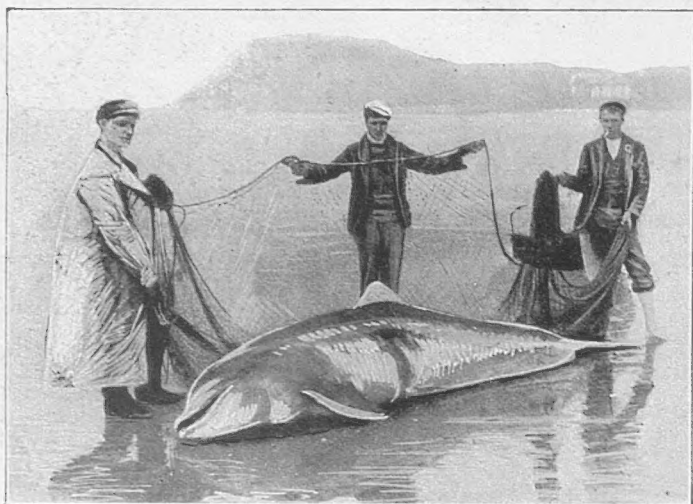


GRAVE OF AN ENGLISHMAN WHO WAS MURDERED BY BUSHRANGERS.



A PUBLIC-HOUSE RUN BY A PARSON.

This whale was surprised the other day off the Essex coast by a local fisherman, and eventually was captured by Mr. D. Cundy, of Shoeburyness. It measured eleven feet in length, and weighed about a



A WHALE CAPTURED OFF THE ESSEX COAST.

ton. It was caught in the small net shown in the background of the photograph, which was taken by Lieutenant A. H. Webb, R.A.

While the most celebrated of French actresses plays Hamlet at Stratford-on-Avon, the most renowned of French divas, Emma Calvé, triumphs in the rôle of Ophelia at the Grand Opéra in Paris. Decidedly the women geniuses of the South have been conquered by this Northern hero. It is not they who demand of the critics whether he was lean or fat. Calvé prefers Ophelia to all other rôles, and it is perhaps her most original creation. A naturalistic study made in a mad-house at Milan, her Ophelia is powerful, violent, half-savage, quite different from the soft, languorous creature, the pale tradition of her forerunners.

Calvé wants to live on in the public memory as Ophelia, and to this end she has recently ordered her tomb. She has commanded the sculptor, Denys Puech, to carve her in marble as Ophelia. This caprice of a pretty woman ordering her own tombstone has furnished the gossip of Paris for several days past. The sculptor took it as a pleasantry, and was hard to persuade. But the pretty woman insisted, wherein she is perhaps not only pretty but wise, for the singer's art dies with the generation that heard it; but Ophelia will live, and the sculptor's art will live for a time, and for a time will identify her with Ophelia. But even here there is a clog to immortality, for the life of a marble statue in the open air is but a hundred years, when it must be taken under shelter; and the more surely a tomb is a work of art, the more surely it finds its way into a museum, where it will stand for art alone. Thus time is likely to mock at Calvé.

However this may be, it is certain that one of the marvels the world may see at the Exhibition of 1900 will be a statue of Ophelia lured by phantoms towards the unknown, and one of the curious anomalies will be a visit to Emma Calvé's tomb while Emma Calvé herself is singing at the adjacent Opéra.

The Welsh Harp, "which is Hendon way," was visited the other day by "donahs" of a statelier build than Mr. Chevalier's, for the Middlesex



Miss Madge Cave. Miss Maud Carter. Mrs. Shaw.

CLEVER LADY SHOTS.

Gun Club held its fourth Annual Ladies' Day and At Home. The programme consisted of five entries for seventeen prizes. Two marquises

had been specially erected, so that the ladies thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Ladies had to shoot at three birds at ten yards, with special light ladies' guns and cartridges. Only six shootists appeared on the ground, as against twelve last year. Miss Maud Carter, the winner of this competition three years ago, carried off the first prize (a pair of mother-of-pearl gilt opera-glasses), with three kills out of five; Mrs. Shaw, with two kills, carried off a pair of silver fish-carvers; Miss Madge Cave (last year's winner), Mrs. F. W. F. Cave, and Miss Williams broke one bird each and tied for third prize.

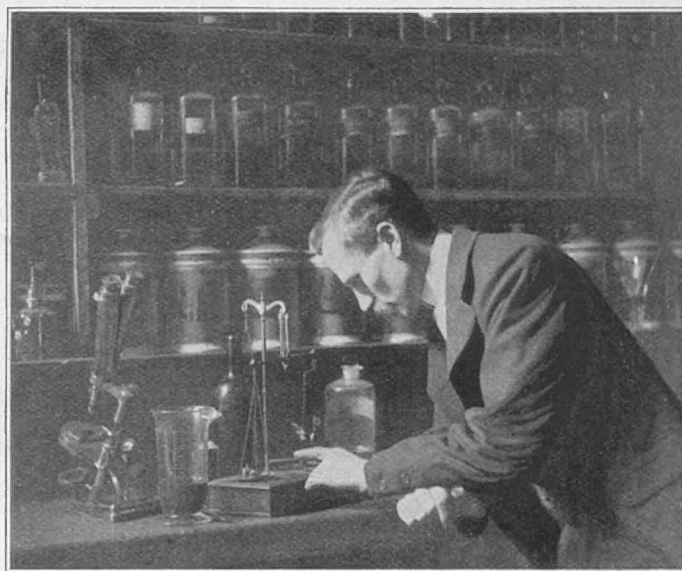
Apparently "the man behind the gun," of whom so much was heard during the Spanish-American War, is to have his newly won laurels taken from him, for Admiral Schley states that "the great force in our battles is the girl behind the man behind the gun." With this statement for his text, an officer-poet has written a number of verses in the *New York Army and Navy Journal* in praise of the skirted heroine of war—

The world to-day is ringing with our fame,
Old Glory floats supreme o'er land and sea,
Our chiefs receive great honour and acclaim,
And everything is right as right can be.
But let us not forget the staunch ally
Who helped us in the fight so nobly won—
A sweet and modest actor, but a most important factor,
The girl behind the man behind the gun.

These lines and others have a swinging chorus, which runs—

God bless her blooming image! 'tis our star and guiding light
In the rush and roar of battle and the bivouac at night.
She's a voice to help and cheer us like a stirring bugle-call,
Sure, we never won a battle—it was she who won them all.

A certain quality of beer is rigidly insisted upon for Private Thomas Atkins, and, with the object of seeing that he gets the liquor of a standard excellence, it is analysed periodically. Until very recently, this analysis



A CHEMIST TESTING TOMMY ATKINS'S BEER.

was made by men attached to the Service, but now it is carried out by civilian chemists, who must be duly qualified for the purpose. To them the liquor is sent in sealed bottles, and, with the help of microscope and other apparatus, they are able to ascertain whether Thomas is or is not getting the constituents which go to make up an honest ale. One of these chemists is shown at work herewith. If he were asked to report upon his examination, he would probably say that the sample in hand was of fair average excellence. The system of appointing outside chemists for this kind of examination has advantages which are obvious.

An amusing controversy is at present proceeding between an influential official Berlin newspaper on the one hand, and *Vorwaerts*, the Socialist paper, on the other, with reference to a humorous remark that the German Emperor made in the course of a conversation he had with one of the Australian delegates to the Tuberculosis Congress. Said his Majesty, "Use Sunlight Soap." Thereupon the Court journal began to discuss this phrase as if it were a divine oracle. The *Vorwaerts*, on the other hand, waxed wroth, maintaining that, on the authority of Professor Rosenbach, dirt, far from favouring the multiplication of microbes called pathogenetic (producing diseases), destroys them; for these microbes are *aristocratic* organisms! "What the working classes want," says the Socialist journal, "is space, light, and good food, rather than external cleanliness."

Now that Captain Dreyfus has reached Rennes, I am wondering whether the true history of the frantic, almost superhuman, efforts made to keep him out of France will be made known to the public before the happy termination comes to one of the most thrilling melodramas the century has seen. It is well for the military section of the conspirators that General Galliffet is anxious to screen them, not for their own worthless sakes, but for the sake of the country. Outside the Army the worst conspirators are protected by their cloth.

When the industrious Reuter sends news of the Nile to-day, the interest taken in its floods is of very moderate dimensions; but some years ago, before the Mahdi rose from obscurity and filled the Soudan with woe, before France refused to join England in the bombardment of Alexandria, the Nile was a gambling counter with which the financiers of Alexandria played for huge fortunes. Then, as now, the future of the year depended upon the floods. If when the Nile came down it left the fields thickly covered with the rich mud from which crops spring so rapidly, all was well; if the flow was not good, and the deposits were scanty, a bad year was inevitable. In order to get first news, various speculating financiers arranged a native post from Alexandria far down into the interior—as far, in fact, as news could come with any approach to safety and reliability. Camel-men and footmen were employed, and the tidings came up from the



INSPECTOR THOMAS HAS BEEN AT LONDON BRIDGE STATION 28 YEARS.
Photo by Hellie and Sons, Regent Street, W.

interior with marvellous rapidity. So soon as the floods commenced, the messengers carried on the news, and when the Egyptian financiers were informed, immense selling or buying orders would be sent to London and Paris. To give an idea of the magnitude of the deals, I can recall one transaction, of which full particulars were given to me, where a million pounds' worth of stock was sold with one great firm in the City in anticipation of a very bad season. Curiously enough, the tidings on this particular occasion were unreliable. Father Nile disappointed his detractors, and the people who sold so heavily scored a loss running into six figures. In a few years engineering skill will have brought the Nile under something like control, and even to-day the season offers little scope to the speculator.

To Mr. J. Logie Robertson, whose most characteristic work appears over the pseudonym "Hugh Haliburton," pertains the distinction of being a supreme master of the Scottish vernacular—an honour to which some of the popular Kailyarders have no claim. Born at Milnathort, in Kinross-shire, well-nigh fifty-three years ago, Mr. J. Logie Robertson has for the last eight years been First English master in the Edinburgh Ladies' College. He won distinction in Edinburgh University, and there came under the influence of the distinguished "teacher of teachers," Professor Masson. His first scholastic appointment was that of Assistant-Master in Heriot's

Hospital, in 1871. For more than a score of years past he has been busy with his pen, and has edited scholarly editions of Dunbar, Ramsay, Burns, Thomson, and Scott, has published several volumes of verse, notably "Horace in Homespun" and "Oehil Idylls," in the Northern Doric, and numerous volumes in prose.

The other day I published a picture of a little girl whom in a moment of temerity I called "the youngest harpist in the world." I have since, however, received a photograph of two little children, aged four and two respectively, who are performers on that instrument.

The clerks of London might have been at this moment out on strike but for the good offices of Edward Leach, a youth of nineteen, who intervened in the crisis brought



SMALLEST HARPISTS IN THE WORLD.

about by the dismissal of two clerks from Messrs. Pawson and Leaf's establishment. Two youths gave expression to the grievances which they felt, and in an instant their comrades rebelled. Mr. Leach, who

entered the wholesale drapery trade two years ago, was instrumental in getting the matter settled on this basis—

In the entering and despatch departments the limit of a day's work shall be twelve hours, but on Saturday no employee in these departments shall be required to work after 1.30. The shipping departments shall not be expected to do home work.

These are the standard alterations that will be binding, but the firm have also decided to reorganise and overhaul their system in the departments mentioned so that the conditions may be materially improved. Mr. Leach not only met the Directors, but delivered speeches in various parts of London, and presided at the Mass Meeting at Aldersgate Schools. Mr. Leach is a High Churchman, I may add.

I am sorry to learn that the rent trouble in the East-End of London remains in a serious condition, and is causing intense suffering and distress.

The demand for rooms was never keener than it is now, and many a man of small means who owns two or three little houses on lease is enabled to sublet and become suddenly independent. The price of property is at a premium that can only be accounted for by the strange reluctance of the foreign element to trust to the trains. The Great Eastern Railway has opened all the East of London, and a short, cheap ride will take people to districts where the air is comparatively pure and rent is comparatively low, and yet the congestion was never worse. To increase the trouble of poor tenants, a system of key-tax is now in vogue, and incoming lodgers are called upon to pay sums varying between ten shillings and as many pounds as a premium for the privilege of entry upon premises often insanitary, always small, and never worth what they cost. The true condition of the housing problem in the East-End of London can best be realised when we are told that small houses with ten or twelve rooms are let to bring in some £200 a-year, and at that terrible rate are eagerly sought after by the poorest of the poor, content with one room for an entire family. Toynbee Hall is fighting the key-tax question, and the best wishes of all good citizens are with them; but the whole subject is so complicated that higher powers must intervene ere long.

This unique stringed musical instrument from Paraguay was sold by Mr. Stevens, of King Street, Covent Garden, last week. It is made from a human skull (of an enemy), which is cut away; the skin which covers the

the upper part of instrument and the hair ornamentation round it are from the victim. From the back of the skull two pieces of wood project, joined at the ends by a cross-piece; the strings are carried from the front or forehead of the skull to this cross-piece of wood. The jaws are movable.

"Why Smith is Leaving the Strand" is a question that Messrs. George H. and Thomas Broadhurst have no difficulty in answering. The amusing farce by the former of the brothers is under engagement to be reproduced in New York early in September by the company now appearing at the Strand Theatre, and hence Mr. Maclyn Arbuckle and his clever associates will have to "leave London" in a few weeks' time.



EDWARD LEACH (æf. 19), WHO SETTLED THE CLERKS' STRIKE.
Photo by Weston, Newgate Street, E.C.



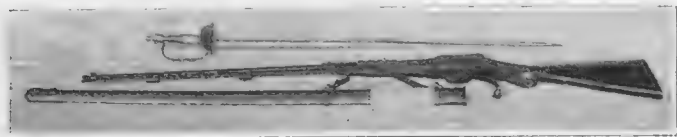
WEDDING-CAKE USED AT THE WEDDING OF ADMIRAL HARRIS'S DAUGHTER.
Photo by Lieutenant M. A. Kennard, R.N.



A FUNNY FIDDLE FROM PARAGUAY.

This quaint gun was found in the King's kraal and is now at Earl's Court, where it has been photographed by Gear, Chidley, and Co.

Society with a big "S" will do anything nowadays for public notoriety. During the past few weeks we have seen titled women



GUN PRESENTED TO LOBENGULA BY KRUGER WHEN WE WERE FIGHTING THE MATABELE.

playing at being exceedingly strenuous before several "Congresses" that have been held in town. The Duchess of Sutherland has been discussing the woman journalist gently—yet gingerly withal. Personally, I do not care about Peeresses who patronise "Press-men." I don't think the Peeresses really care about the other P's, but the cultivation of Fleet Street is certainly an easy way to success. Miss Connie Ediss might, perhaps, add these verses to the song with which she made the Prince of Wales laugh so heartily at the recent *café chantant*—

When a peeress of potent rank
Tires of drawing a constant blank,
Then she's keen upon any prank
Just for cutting a dash.
She'll hobnob with the pens that meet
Down in gossipy old Fleet Street;
Though they scarce can be called élite,
Yet they're better than cash.
That's why High Society
Sees in piety notoriety;
That's why a lady of rank and fame
Opens her house in charity's name.

Wives and daughters of peers, I'm told,
Love the paragraph more than gold,
While their photographs (freely sold)
Oft are given in print:
And you'll find that My Lady's face,
Or a photograph of Her Grace,
Gets a permanent rival place
Next the dancers who tint:
Oh my, High Society
From satiety vies with "G'iety."
Countesses dance on the playhouse stage,
Newspaper currency's all the rage.

Dames who figure in "Burke," "Debrett,"
Use the power of a coronet,
With the aid of the Fleet Street set,
Just to figure in puffs.
Wife of baronet, spouse of knight,
Quicken the popular appetite,
Signing stuff (which they never write)
For democracy's muffs.
Oh, I love Society,
High Society, Real Society!
How can an editor feel subdued
When he's by duchesses interviewed?

One may travel far before coming across another church so unique as that to be seen at Covehithe, near Southwold, Suffolk, which forms the subject of this illustration. The structure is built inside the ruins of an old church which was destroyed during the Civil War in 1643, and of which only the outer walls and tower now remain. The latter still does duty for the newer building, and from its lofty situation forms a



ONE CHURCH BUILT WITHIN ANOTHER.

Photo by E. Bond, Eye.

well-known landmark to mariners on this part of the East Coast. The present church was erected in 1672; and, in common with others in the locality, has a thatched roof, which, coupled with its peculiar surroundings, gives the sacred edifice quite a picturesque appearance.

Until the fierce downpouring that accompanied the last days of June and the first of July the prospects of the partridges were excellent. Then, without warning, forty-eight hours in some degree changed the aspect of the season that will start on Sept. 1. The rain that did so much to damage the new-mown hay must have chilled thousands of nearly hatched partridges' eggs, for the nest of the parent bird of English breed being virtually on the ground, there is little or no chance for the eggs in cold wet weather. I never see a really full covey without a feeling akin to surprise, for the birds have so much to contend against. Stoats, weasels, and several of the feathered tribe love partridge-eggs; the wily fox is not averse to snapping the mother from her nest and leaving only a few feathers to mark the tragedy; the modern cutting-machines frequently kill sitting birds, and, finally, the weather has always to be reckoned with. Prolonged wet and damp will turn the eggs cold and quench the vital spark, and even a lengthy drought is very bad. I remember in one hot summer, when the ground was badly cracked in all directions, finding many tiny unfledged partridges that had fallen down into the cracks in the land and died there. A week or so ago I was talking to a farmer who has several thousands of acres under cultivation. I sympathised with him, for the storm had come heavily upon the newly cut hay and damaged it considerably. "The partridges must have suffered badly too?" I suggested. "Oh, that doesn't matter at all," he said simply. "I let the shooting three months ago." It is well that his tenant was not within hearing.

In view of Bisley, this picture of the 20th Hussars is interesting. The competition for the Harris Cup, which they won, was shot for



THIS TEAM OF THE 20TH HUSSARS CARRIED OFF THE HARRIS CUP.

Photo by Herzog and Higgins, Mhow.

at 500 and 400 yards with forty rounds. Out of a possible of 200 points they scored thus in 9½ minutes—

Bull's-eyes	21	=	105 points.
Inners	12	=	48 "
Magpies	3	=	9 "
Outers	4	=	8 "
Total	=	170

The Wilson Barrett Birthday-Book is a curious production. Illustrated by Messrs. Downey's photographs of actors in Mr. Barrett's company, it contains tit-bits from Mr. Barrett's plays, published and unpublished. I do not know whether there is really any connection between the pictures and the little speeches, but flanking the picture of Mr. Wilson Barrett himself (lying on a couch in the somewhat meagre garments of Marcus Superbus) I find these two quotations—

As frank and fearless as he was good-looking.—(*Unpublished Plays.*)
He has wronged no one.—(*The Sign of the Cross.*)

Miss Lily Hanbury looks forth on us from a page which opens thus—

I have a big heart; so's a summer cabbage, but it is a cheap vegetable when all's done.—(*Nowadays.*)

A beautiful woman looking every inch the well-born patrician that she was.

The past tense is rather unkind. I may further note that under the date Oct. 4 you read—

Posterity alone will do me justice; my contemporaries are all too jealous.

Daudet's genius is to receive early public recognition. Two commemorative marble statues, to be erected at Nismes and Paris respectively, are already well advanced towards completion. Falguière is engaged upon the Nismes monument, while that for Paris comes from the chisel of René de Saint-Marcéau. Naturally, a masterpiece is to be expected from the creator of the Balzac statue.

It was on Micklegate Bar, York, that the head of the unfortunate Duke of York, who was slain at the Battle of Wakefield Green in 1460, was suspended, by order of Queen Margaret, who commanded it to be crowned with a paper crown and hung at the entrance to the city, so that "York might overlook the town of York." Earl Rutland, the seventeen-year-old son of the fallen Duke, was also slain in the above battle by cruel Lord Clifford, a devoted follower of Margaret, who plunged his sword into the lad's breast because—

The sight of any of the
House of York
Is as a fury to torment my
soul.

He then struck off the youth's head, and had it fixed to a pike-staff and placed alongside that of the Duke's on Micklegate Bar.

Enshrine a place in a song and let that song become popular, and then immortality is certain. Such has been the happy fate of Twickenham Ferry, and, though there are

and the last link connecting Edinburgh with the resurrection and Burking times will be gone. The house, when in its glory, was probably a suburban villa, and still shows some of the handsome mouldings and a neat Queen Anne mantelpiece. When the crimes were committed, it was a low lodging-house, owned by Hare, and the first subject was a lodger who died a natural death. The money which Burke and Hare got from the doctors seems to have led to the traffic in which they afterwards engaged.

To many people the Highlands of Scotland have a perennial interest, and it is somewhat singular that increased railway facilities have not extended the fame of Strathpeffer Spa, in Ross-shire, to a greater extent than is the case. The curative character of the wells—there are four altogether, sulphur being the chief ingredient of three and chalybeate the fourth—has been known for over a century. The village of Strathpeffer is situated four and a-half miles from the county town of Dingwall, and is reached from that town by a short branch-line of the Skye Railway. A goodly number of foreigners—from Germany, France, America—and colonials find their way every summer to "The Strath," as it is locally termed. Strathpeffer differs from most other Spas in offering to visitors the advantages of an excellent health-resort in combination with pure Highland air and splendid mountain scenery, with numerous delightful drives to places of interest. There was a rumour a few years ago that the Queen had been advised to try the efficacy of the Northern Spa for the rheumatism from which she occasionally suffers, and two mansions—Coul House, the seat of Sir Arthur Mackenzie, and Castle Leod, belonging to the Earl of Cromartie—were made available at the time for her Majesty's use.

Mr. Alexander Anderson, surface-man, has been elected Poet Laureate of Lodge Canongate Kilwinning, No. 2, Edinburgh, in recognition of his place among Scottish poets.

This position has been previously held in the Lodge by Burns and Hogg. Burns was first introduced to this Lodge of Freemasons on Dec. 7, 1786, where he met the famous advocate and wit, Henry Erskine, and was admitted a member Feb. 1, 1787. Possibly because the minutes of the Lodge were carelessly kept, there is no record at the time of the fact of his election as Laureate, although the Lodge afterwards toasted Burns at Hogg's election as "the last Poet Laureate of the Lodge." The matter has been the subject of much controversy.



MICKLEGATE BAR, YORK, WHERE THE DUKE OF YORK'S HEAD WAS SUSPENDED.

Photo by J. C. F. Shaw.

rumours of a bridge being thrown over the Thames in its immediate vicinity, the fame of the Ferry is assured for all time. It may be doubted whether the bridge scheme will ever move forward to a practical issue, and, in the meantime, the proprietor of the famous Ferry has taken sufficient heart of grace to venture on a flaming new board to advertise his floating bridge. A dashing young female holds place of honour on this new board, and the artist was so concerned to do justice to her that he had to pull up short with his extract from that song which has made Twickenham Ferry known all over the world. Perhaps he might have found room for a few more words if he had not been so liberal with his full-stops. It is an entrancing vista of "silver-streaming" Thames which greets the eye at the Twickenham landing-stage of the Ferry, and on the further shore a wicket-gate gives access to the charming meadows of Ham.

The house in which the most repulsive deed of the century, which startled all Europe, Burke and Hare's, is about to be demolished, having been acquired by the Edinburgh Corporation for city improvements. The building is situated in the west part, overlooked by the Castle, and, though old and dilapidated, bears many traces of its past character. The dark room into which so many victims were decoyed and then done to death, and the back-door with stair leading from it by which the bodies were smuggled out to the dissecting-table, are still to the fore. However, the building will soon be a thing of the past,



TWICKENHAM FERRY SIGN-BOARD.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.



TWICKENHAM FERRY.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.



FAWLEY ISLAND, IN THE THAMES.

Photo by Baker.

Residing at Northwich are the members of a family of four generations. At the head is Mrs. Elizabeth Mills, of 4, Greenall Road, widow of the late Mr. James Mills, waterman. She will attain the age of seventy-seven years in December next, and is associated with one of

the oldest families in the town. She is most intelligent and retains all her faculties in a remarkable degree. She remembers Northwich when a very small place, and has taken a lively interest in its development. She distinctly remembers seeing the Queen drive through the town before the introduction of railways. The old lady is a devoted member of the United Methodist Free Church, and regularly attends the services. Her daughter Mrs. Rhoda Leicester, of 2, Greenall Road, widow of the late Mr. John Leicester, builder and contractor, is next, after whom comes her daughter, Bessie Bradbury, wife of Mr. Arthur Bradbury, who resides in



FOUR GENERATIONS.

Victoria Road. Fourth in order comes their daughter Doris, aged four years. Of the ten children of Mrs. Mills, six are still living. The grandchildren number between thirty and forty, while there are five great-grandchildren.

The Signorine Cerasoli (Rosina and Beatrice) are two young Romans who are bound to find a permanent place among our pianists. Eight years ago they came to England as little girls for a month's stay. They have remained with us ever since. As children they played before the Queen of Italy. When they came across here, they were engaged for the Promenade Concerts by Augustus Harris. They afterwards studied at the Royal College of Music, Rosina, the elder, gaining an exhibition, while her sister was a Scholar and Gold Medallist. Three years ago they made a tour through Holland, and then went to Rome, where they again played before the Queen, who gave them beautiful brooches.

A Dorsetshire angler had a curious experience with an otter a fortnight ago. He was fly-fishing in the early evening, and was on the point of landing a half-pound trout, when an otter which he had seen swimming down the stream a few minutes before reappeared, seized the fish, and calmly swam away with it, taking out the astonished fisherman's line. There was a very brief tug-of-war, but the light trout-tackle was not equal to the strain a resolute otter could put upon it, and the gut cast parted. Though usually very shy and retiring, the otter occasionally shows even greater boldness than this. A few years ago, a half-bred collie was seized by an otter in the Tweed, near St. Boswells; the dog shook his foe off, but was followed to the bank by the otter, who came ashore and attacked him again. The dog's owner, a boy, ran to help, when, to his utter astonishment, the otter turned upon him and caught his hand in its teeth, holding on till the dog seized it by the throat and killed it.



ROSINA AND BEATRICE CERASOLI.

Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

A correspondent writes as follows—

In *The Sketch* of June 28, you refer to Lady Louisa Tighe, who was, when twelve years old, at the Waterloo Ball. On the same day, a girl nine years old, daughter of a soldier in one of the Scotch regiments, was, with her mother, encamped close to the Field of Waterloo, and was on the battle-field the following evening. She is now Mrs. Miles, resides in Melrose, is greatly esteemed, and is still strong and active.



THIS OLD LADY WAS ENCAMPTED NEAR WATERLOO DURING THE BATTLE.

The other afternoon I had quite a novel social experience. I found myself at a function designated a "Book Tea." The guests, principally ladies, were all wearing badges or carrying some article which indicated the name of some well-known novel. The object of the entertainment was to guess these names, and prizes were awarded to the most successful competitors. Some of the emblems were decidedly ingenious. After racking my brains, I discovered that the wearer of a small brooch, representing 'Arry and 'Arriet on a tandem "bike," intended to convey to

the rest of the party that her chosen story was "Two on a Tower" (on a tour); that a charming young lady carrying a small watering-pot meant "Esther Waters"; that another, who had a paper cap (culled from a cracker) of purple colour, and set rakishly on one side, was "Madcap Violet"; and that a young matron with the military badge of an Irish regiment (stolen from her husband) had selected Besant's "With Harp and Crown."

A small doll smothered beneath a cardinal's attire was the outward and visible sign of "Under the Red Robe," while two sheep touching noses beneath a spreading tree were a delicate compliment to Maurice Hewlett's delightful "Forest Lovers." A somewhat far-fetched symbol was that of a child fast asleep, signifying Stevenson's "Kidnapped," and a very funny example was a pair of those wooden wrestlers on strings who represented Gilbert Parker's "The Battle of the Strong." Being urged to take

part in the exercise, I improvised my example by covering my face with an antimacassar, and retiring modestly to a corner, being covered with ridicule on confessing that "Jude the Obscure" was the work that I had thought of. The amusement, at any rate, was quite as useful as a "Spelling Bee," and certainly more diverting.

I hear that M. Huysmans, whose mystic and devotional tendencies have developed so rapidly of late, is now writing, in the solitude of his country-house, a book entitled "La Vie de Sainte-Lidwine."

The premises at New Cross where Aspinall's Enamel is made, which were recently totally destroyed by fire, are being rebuilt, and will be completed by the end of November. The architect is Mr. Max Clark.



The "Clouds" of Aristophanes, as played at Dulwich College on Founders' Day.



"The Bonnie Fishwife," a Farce as played at an Indian Garrison.

Major-General Edward Locke Elliot, C.B., D.S.O., has had a brilliant career. Born in 1850, educated at Harrow and Sandhurst, he began life in a British infantry regiment and was transferred to the 1st Bombay Lancers in 1870. Step by step he rose to the command of that corps as a Major in 1890, and greatly increased its reputation during the eight years he held charge of it. As second in command of an Indian contingent, he took this regiment to Egypt in 1896, and received the honour of the Bath from the hands of his Sovereign in 1897. He had previously obtained the D.S.O. in Burma, where he attracted the notice of the present Commander-in-Chief in India, Sir William Lockhart, who formed the highest opinion of him as a cavalry officer and leader of men. Earlier still he saw service in Afghanistan, and his regiment was one of the few sent to the Mediterranean when Lord Beaconsfield showed Europe that Indian soldiers could be relied on to fight for England in any part of the globe. His abilities as a Staff Officer have also been thoroughly tested in the Quarter-Master-General's Department of the Bombay Presidency.

A year ago, when the Inspector-Generalship of Cavalry in India fell vacant, Colonel Elliot achieved the distinction of wresting that prize for the first time from the British cavalry, which has since learned to recognise, together with the Indian Army, that the Government's selection has been fully justified. The way in which a force of two cavalry divisions with their horse artillery was handled by General Elliot a short time ago at the Delhi Manœuvres, and in which all arrangements connected with that camp were organised under his direction, marks him out as a soldier of whom we shall hear more in future. With ideas of his own, he is as active, bodily and mentally, as if he were thirty. He is also possessed of many accomplishments. The Indian Turf will long remember his unsurpassed skill as a gentleman rider and trainer, while as pig-sticker, swordsman, light-weight boxer, and jolly good fellow all round, with a crisp and forcible vocabulary, his record is very hard to beat.

Lord Kitchener's apparent indifference as to when he makes his formal début in the House of Lords—a function which is certain to attract to the gilded Chamber a brilliant Society crowd—is causing no little amusement to his friends, and those who know him best believe that he would rather fight over again the Battle of Omdurman than submit to the ordeal. How trying this is, is known only to those who have passed through it; in the case of the late Lord Rosmead, it was accompanied by acute physical suffering. As a matter of fact, Lord Kitchener's patent was completed by the Crown Office authorities before he last left London for the Soudan, and, as soon as personal application is made for it, the date of his official *entrée* can be arranged for. The patent consists of a large sheet of parchment, signed at the top and bottom by the Queen and the Home Secretary respectively. To the

lower portion is attached a gigantic seal of wax—roughly speaking, about the size of a cheese-plate—the colour varying according to the rank of the novice. Lord Kitchener's title being a barony, the lowest grade in the peerage, the colour is yellow; but in the case of dukes, marquesses, earls, and viscounts, the colour is red, white, green, or blue. Altogether, this very necessary item costs a hundred guineas, and to this must also be added a nice little sum for the scarlet and ermine robes in which the *débutant* performs, to the edification of everyone present, the various quaint ceremonies associated with his entry into that “other place” whose members, it is scoffingly affirmed, do neither toil nor spin!

Salisbury Plain, so long associated with the memory of the Druids and their mysterious rites, is to become a permanent home for Mr. Thomas Atkins, and the bells of Salisbury Cathedral will take the place of the tinkling ones of Mandalay. Aldershot and the Curragh have hitherto been Tommy's schools in the art of “bucking up,” but now the Wiltshire Downs will be added, and Tommy's hours of leisure will be materially decreased. Barracks for seven battalions and six Artillery batteries are to be erected there, and Mr. Atkins's comfort and health are to be the primary considerations. Instead of, as hitherto, eating in the room which serves as his bedroom, a regular dining-hall is to be provided, and no less than £1,600,000 is to be spent on his accommodation on the Plain alone, while at Aldershot, the Curragh, Shorncliffe, Colchester, Malta, and Gibraltar steps are to be taken to modernise the conditions of the latter-day Tommy. This is a move in the right direction, for the tendency to locate Mr. Atkins in permanent camps of large bodies of men is much more rational than the dividing up of regiments into wings and companies in manufacturing centres where he got no opportunity of acquiring the art of war.

It is refreshing to record anything pleasant in connection with the Dreyfus Case, and I therefore note that the journalists of Antwerp have resolved to mark their admiration of M. Zola's action in the *Affaire* by the preparation of a very original literary souvenir. The notion is to print and present to Zola a special copy of the famous letter “J'accuse” (which appeared in *l'Aurore* in the course of January 1898) by means of the actual wooden letters and antique presses

used by the great French printer Christophe Plantin. This interesting “plant,” which has never been used since his death, has been carefully preserved in Plantin's house at Antwerp—known as the Plantin Museum—for over three hundred years. I am told that this house remains exactly as when Plantin lived and worked there. Zola, now that he is again accessible after his exile in England, is overwhelmed with appreciative letters from all quarters. The year has brought him a host of new friends. He can, therefore, afford to ignore his enemies. No doubt he will value the choice gift which he is about to receive from Antwerp.



[Photo by J. Corbell, Simla.]

MAJOR-GENERAL ELLIOT, INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF CAVALRY IN INDIA.

He is a first-rate jockey, a pig-sticker, and boxer.



A JAPANESE HEALTH-RESORT, TANSANIA.

This photograph of the Muharram Procession, taken in Bombay on "Tabut Day," represents a few of the chief "Tabuts," or "Taziyas," on their way to the water for immersion. The "Muharram" (that is, "most sacred") is one of the most important of the Mussulman festivals, and is held annually in memory of Hasan and Husain, the first martyrs of the Shiah Mussulmans, from whom the Sayads are descended. Hasan and Husain were grandsons of Mohammed, and were murdered A.H. 49 and 61 respectively. The Mohammedans are divided into two distinct sects, the Shiahs and Sunnis, between whom great rivalry exists, but disputes are left to be settled during Muharram. The fast lasts for ten days, during which mourning is carried on, and Taziyas representing Husain's grave are carried in procession. On the tenth day, which is known as "Tabut Day," the final procession of Taziyas takes place; incense is burned before them as, accompanied by music, they are paraded from midnight on the ninth day till 3 a.m. on the tenth; at 2 p.m. they are again taken round, until 6 p.m., when, having been stripped of all objects of value, the remnants are thrown into the sea. The Taziyas are of the most varied description, and are ornamented in accordance with the means of the parties constructing them: in many cases much time and money being spent on their decoration. The original idea that they should represent Husain's grave seems to have been lost sight of in many cases, and many fantastic productions, as instanced by the goose (*sic*) in the photograph, are to be seen.



A MOHAMMEDAN FESTIVAL IN MEMORY OF TWO MARTYRS.

A huge goose (photographed here by Captain Tomkins) is carried through the streets for ten days, and then thrown into the sea.



HOW THE JAPS HAVE STARTED BOTTLING MINERAL-WATERS.

Some time ago I gave a photograph taken in the Straits of Shimonoseki (Japan), showing how civilisation is spreading in that country by the introduction of unsightly advertisements (such as Tansan) on the hills. I now give two pictures of a health-resort which has sprung up around the spot where the celebrated Tansan-water is found. Takaradzka is the original name of the place, which has been changed to "Tansania," as being more euphonious and less likely to trip up the tongues of foreigners. There is a sanatorium on the hill, below which are the bath-houses where those suffering from rheumatic affections or from disorders of the digestive organs generally receive beneficial relief by immersing themselves in the water, which belongs to the category of saline, chalybeate, and carbonated mineral-waters. Not only is this part of the country attractive as a health-resort, but its natural beauty draws many who are only on pleasure bent. The Tansan-water when aerated is generally drunk by foreigners throughout Japan in preference to soda-water. The water is taken on carts to Kobé, the nearest Treaty Port. The distance from Tansania to Kobé is eighteen miles, over hilly country, and the method of locomotion is not rapid, being a compound tandem, the wheeler a human being and the leader a bullock.

It is a commonplace that Italy owes more to her past than her present, and that, while the triumphs of the Renaissance suffice to draw visitors from all parts of the world, the aim and object of all natives "dressed in a little brief authority" is to make the stranger regret his visit. A curious experience befell certain friends of mine a few months ago. They were

travelling from Genoa to Florence, and entered the train at the former station. There they were told that the train went direct to Florence. The long journey was beguiled with smoke, gossip, and the wonderful refreshments purveyed at the railway stations *en route*. Only when the evening had succeeded afternoon did one of the party begin to fear that something was wrong, and, as no stranger was in the carriage, he had to possess his soul in patience until the next station was reached. There the mistake was discovered; the carriages from Genoa had been attached at Pisa to the fast train for the capital without any official intimation. My friends sent for the station-master, who shrugged his shoulders and said they must wait five hours for another train to Pisa, and must pay one pound sterling apiece for excess fare. "It will be returned if you apply to the authorities," added the diplomatic station-master. My friends paid and finally arrived at Florence some twelve hours late.

They at once applied to the company for the return of their excess, and now, after spending four or five months in deep investigation, the company has written to say that, as "their stringent regulations are made that the passenger may take care," they cannot refund anything. Needless to say that between Genoa and the station at which my friends alighted there was no official examination of tickets, and no invitation to change carriages. What an outcry would be raised in any other civilised country where such imposition was practised! With all their faults, our Southern railways do not descend to such depths.



LOBENGULA'S SON, AS HE APPEARS AT EARL'S COURT

The dusky Son of the South who cuts such a commanding and picturesque appearance in "Savage South Africa," who declares war upon the invading Briton, who throws the assegai with such doleful consequences to Captain Wilson and his party, is, in reality, a well-mannered and unpretending fellow of some four-and-twenty years of age. His father, King Lobengula, had him educated in Bloemfontein, where, be it noted, he was taught Dutch first and English afterwards. Pressed into military service, he was useful in the barracks at Bulawayo, and then was employed on a large farm near Johannesburg, whence he was secured by Mr. Fitts for the benefit of England's sightseers, who crowd Prince Lobengula's kraal every afternoon and evening at Earl's Court. He now wears English clothes, excepting in the arena and the kraal, and he entrusts his savings—which are considerable—to the safe keeping of the Postmaster-General. He has been photographed by Mr. R. Johnson.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A STORY IN THREE LETTERS.

BY CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN.

I.

(From Miss Lomax, an American art student in Paris, to Mr. Henry Fargue, an American sculptor.)

31, Rue Louvois. June 10, 18—.

It is ten days since I have seen you. Don't contradict me—I have counted them. To me it has been ten years. Oh, yes, I can hear you say, "Dear Clara, I wish you were not such an exaggerated person"; but will you never understand that whatever I write of my suffering I live it more? . . . Your silence has made me wonder whether you were angry that day I would not throw away the pearl. You noticed it for the first time, and said quite fiercely, "I did not give you that." Oh, to-night I would sacrifice all I have for you to be angry with me again! I would even give that black pearl now.

I humiliate myself by writing to you. You despise words. It is work you honour. Yet, Harry, it is because of you that I cannot work any more. A cruel fever eats my face to the bone. I go to the studio mechanically, and try to believe that art gives a higher pleasure than love. I repeat high-sounding sentiments—you know how fond we Americans are of them—but the whole time silly little realities are babbling under my heart: "Perhaps Harry will come to-day." "Oh, surely he will write or come to-day!" I have no ambition. I hardly remember the hope and confidence I once possessed, until Annie Burger reminds me that I had both, and tries to shake me out of my morbid thoughts, as she calls them. All the disappointments and disillusion I experienced in my work never crushed me. I thought of Marie Bashkirtseff—and worked on. . . . I loved Paris—its heart-beats seemed to me the heart-beats of the world. And was it not Paris which had given me my freedom?

Freedom! Our souls grow sick and famish, being free. Unconsciously just before I met you I was longing for servitude again. I had escaped from that New York tyranny, from my family, and dinners and balls, and proposals from crude young men. Yet I am so made that I longed for a master. I met you.

I met you! What else need I say? That is my history. I don't want to reproach you. There is no greater bore than the woman who *will* remind the man that he loved her once. . . . I would live for you, die for you, Harry, but I will not bore you.

I have forgotten what you said that day, what you promised. I only remember the trees which waved over our heads—that laughing spring day! I remember the sunlight glancing through the leaves on a patch of golden flowers. . . . I remember, and in my anguish I swear that I cannot live without you. Hysterical, morbid, what you will, but *true*. I blame myself, not you. You are sensible, you are strong; above all, you have ceased to love me—at least, with that absorbing passion of the first few days. What happens then? I die. I say it deliberately—in spite of Annie Burger's "Nonsense!"; in spite of my being young. . . . How curious! One always grows sentimental when one thinks of death and youth together. Annie tries (in goodness of heart, I believe) to poison my mind. . . . She whispers something about Thérèse Béquin. But if I kill myself, Harry, it will not be because I am jealous. It will be because this love which fools call divine has diseased me, corroded me. . . . I cannot bear it! Coward! she cannot bear it! C. L.

II.

(From Henry Fargue to Miss Lomax.)

Hotel Philippe. June 11, 18—.

DEAR LITTLE GIRL,—You talk of loving me, yet you don't mind distressing me by threatening to kill yourself. How I wish I could come and see you and cure you of talking such nonsense, such wicked nonsense! But I cannot come to-day—I wish I could—as I am obliged to go to London to-morrow for a few days.

You are such an excitable, feverish person. If only you would take things more calmly, you would learn that one's happiness in life does not really depend on one person. It's almost a disease to get into the way of thinking that it does. . . . I remember what I said that day at Trianon; but I should have been very heartless if in cold blood I had kept my word, and we should both be absolutely wretched at this moment. Wait, Clara! You see if time is not soft to us, and chance warm. Let us both work very hard, and we shall be able to wait patiently. I am horribly poor—I *won't* marry a rich woman, do you hear, till I have got on a bit. And I shall get on. B. saw my "Sophocles" this morning. He praised it almost enthusiastically, and you know how surly he is. It is the best thing I have ever done—I know that. Won't you be pleased, for my sake?

We could have a very good time together now, Clara dear, if you would think less of things as they might be and more of things as they are. I am sorry, awfully sorry, that you are unhappy, but you make yourself so. You might be quite jolly. Now, remember. No more of that wild talk of suicide. Some poor devils have an excuse for wanting to throw themselves into the river. But, Miss Clara Lomax! Rich,

pretty, young, draws animals better than anyone of her age in Paris! Was there ever anything so absurd?

I will let you know when I come back from London.—Ever yours,
H. F.

III.

(From Miss Annie Burger, of New York, an actress, to Henry Fargue.)
June 21, 18—.

DEAR MR. FARGUE,—We American women are very frank. I am going to show you *how* frank we can be.

Clara Lomax was found to-day in the Seine. There! I blurt it out, because you never inquired for her those days you must have heard she was missing. Why should I break it gently? Poor darling! They took her to the Morgue. I sent a cable to her people, but I don't know why they should come over. . . . They say that she went out to paint a sunrise on the river, and that she fell in accidentally. Mr. Fargue, they talk nonsense. She went out to kill herself, and only took her paints and camp-stool because of you. For the last week she had told me she would do it, and I laughed at her and scolded her. I think that she found out you had not gone to London, as you said. I know she heard someone say at the Pension that you were dining at Paillard's on Wednesday with Thérèse Béquin. I daresay you think this is very impertinent. I don't care, Mr. Fargue.

The night before, she cried a great deal, and I stayed in her room a long time. I wish I had stayed all night. Perhaps, then, she would not have crept out at daylight to do this awful thing. How pretty she was!

She is dead. And I know why she died. I have heard everyone saying during the last few months, "What a fascinating person Fargue is!" And I have said to myself, "Yes, the brute! I wish he had never been born!" You had no time to come and see Clara—oh, of course not! You had something newer to play with. Then you wrote her a lot of pompous nonsense about work and absorption in your art, and she used to tell me, poor dear, with eyes that showed me she did not believe it, that you were too proud to marry her because she was rich. Clara was no fool. You did not take her in one bit—but she worshipped you.

Well, you have got something to haunt you all the days of your life. I am sorry for you. Of course, she ought not to have done it. I don't defend her because you treated her badly. But she had such a curious nature—it was not one to play with. I believe her mother was a Polish Jew. The Slavs are a nervous people. I have heard of them standing in swamps all night if they happened to be miserable.

You will forget her, I expect. I never shall. And when everyone is flattering you and making much of you, I hope you will remember what one woman thinks of you.—Yours truly,
ANNIE BURGER.

"SAKOONTALÁ" BY THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE SOCIETY.

On Monday week Kálidása's "Sakoontalá" was presented by the Elizabethan Stage Society for the first time in England. The plot of this famous play, which Sir John Lubbock has thought worthy of a place among the "Hundred Best Books," is as follows: A King while on a hunting expedition comes unexpectedly among some hermits living in a sacred grove. There he falls in love with Sakoontalá, a beautiful maiden who, passing for a hermit's daughter, is in reality of higher rank. She is secretly married to the King, who gives her a ring in token of recognition, and returns to his kingdom. Then follows a series of moving and interesting incidents. A curse is pronounced on Sakoontalá by a choleric sage, who prophesies her husband's loss of memory. She decides to set out for her husband's palace, thus introducing the finest scene in the play—her pathetic farewell to her home. On the way she loses her marriage token, and, being unrecognised by her husband, she is publicly repudiated. This is followed by her miraculous assumption to a celestial asylum, the unexpected discovery of the ring by a poor fisherman, and the King's agony on recovering his memory. Next is shown the King's aerial voyage in the ear of Indra, his strange meeting with his own child, the son of Sakoontalá, and, finally, the happy reunion of the lovers.

Kálidása lived probably in the sixth century after Christ. The popularity of "Sakoontalá" with the natives of India exceeds that of any other dramatic composition, and its excellence is now recognised in every literary circle throughout the Continent. The four well-known lines of Goethe will be remembered—

Wouldst thou the young year's blossoms and the fruits of its decline,
And all by which the soul is charmed, enraptured, feasted, fed?—
Wouldst thou the Earth and Heaven itself in one sole name combine?
I name thee, O Sakoontalá! and all at once is said.

The Elizabethan Stage Society gave the play in the Conservatory of the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, and the gardens were reserved on this evening exclusively for the Society. The play was revised with the help of an eminent Sanskrit scholar of India, and several native students took part in the representation; some distinguished guests were present, and the performance was one of unusual interest.

WHAT OUR GRANDMOTHERS LOOKED LIKE.

Pictured by Adolphe Beau.



PRINCESS AMALIA OF SAXE-COBURG.



MADAME JOSEPH MONTEFIORE.



MISS AGNES GLADSTONE.



THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.



THE INFANTA ISABELLA OF SPAIN.



THE COUNTESS OF MOUNT EDGCUMBE.



MRS. ALLEYNE.



LADY DUCKINGFIELD.



LADY FLORENCE PAGET.

THE HOME OF SIR ALFRED MILNER IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir Alfred Milner, Mr. Conyngham Greene, and the Cape Parliament are at the present moment busily engaged in making South African history, and, therefore, their respective abodes are likely to be of interest to Englishmen at home. To deal with the last first, the twenty-four Honourables of the Legislative Council, or Upper Chamber, elected for seven years, and the seventy-nine members of the House of Assembly, or Lower Chamber, elected for five years, have a remarkably handsome and luxurious Club, with library, dining-, and billiard-rooms, in the shape of Parliament Buildings. Situated on rising ground overlooking the Bay, and guarded on the south by Table Mountain, these form the most imposing pile in South Africa, except perhaps the new Post Office in Adderley Street below them, or, as the Boers think, the Raadzaal at Pretoria. As at Pietermaritzburg, the legislators are reminded of the Imperial tie by a colossal white marble statue of her Majesty in the ornamental plot at the entrance. The Cape Parliament Buildings, dating from 1885, were, like the new Post Office, erected from the designs of Mr. H. S. Greaves, an architect of distinction who has been in the colony for twenty-three years. The Parliament itself is older, having been established by Royal Letters Patent in 1850.

The Mother of Parliaments has, to a certain extent, served as a model for this its Southern daughter. For instance, the Lower House is upholstered in St. Stephen's green and the Legislative Council in red, to which a touch of local colour is added by the snuff-marks of the Bond members' fingers on the backs of some of the benches. There are the three clerks in front of the Speaker in the Lower House, and the Mace in the same position as at Westminster. Over the Speaker's Chair is a fine portrait of the Queen in her Coronation robes, and the curious Cape Arms, with gnu and gemsbok for supporters. The reporters and the public occupy the position of our Strangers' Gallery. When the writer witnessed Sir Alfred Milner opening Parliament in May 1898, Sir William Goodenough, representing the Army, sat on a State-chair to the right of the Throne, and Admiral Rawson on the left, with



THE UPPER HOUSE AT THE CAPE.
Where Sir Alfred Milner opens Parliament.



THE LOWER HOUSE AT THE CAPE.
Where Mr. Rhodes sits.

Sir Alfred Milner's official residence, Government House, is as mean-looking and unpretentious as the Legislature is magnificent. It is a rambling, two-storeyed block, thrown together at various dates since 1740, and is a disgrace to the Imperial dignity. Among the chief but temporary objects of interest in its interior are a series of portraits of Oliver Cromwell, Prince Rupert, and others, belonging to Colonel Hanbury-Williams, the Military Secretary. Sir Alfred's study is a fairly spacious room, largely adorned with maps, which are his hobby, and looking out over the stoep upon a picturesque garden and the old Dutch avenue of oak-trees which formed the Heerenracht of the seventeenth-century burghers. A broad path leads through the garden under a triumphal arch to the Houses of Parliament. The Governor resides at Cape Town during the cooler half of the year, migrating in summer to a country-house at Newlands, a short distance out of the town.

A thousand and forty miles away is an important outpost of the British Empire, at Sunnyside, a suburb of Pretoria. Here Mr. Conyngham Greene hoists the Union Jack at the garden-gate of his small bungalow, under the guns of Kranskop, one of the new forts on the surrounding hills. This low, tin-roofed villa has been the "British Agency" since 1896, when Sir Jacobus de Wet gave up his old residence, and a new house and grounds were obtained, so Mr. Greene told the writer, at the somewhat high figure of £3000 per acre. The garden is well laid out, but the general effect is somewhat insignificant and not calculated to raise the prestige of so important a personage as her Majesty's Representative in the Transvaal.

A QUAIN MUSEUM.

One of the best private collections of war-medals in this country is that gathered together by Mr. T. G. Middlebrook at the Edinburgh Castle Hotel, Mornington Road, Camden Town, which has had a museum attached to it since 1842. It was dispersed in 1879, when Mr. Middlebrook



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN, WHERE SIR ALFRED MILNER LIVES.



SHOWING MR. CONYNGHAM GREENE, THE AGENT, IN HIS GARDEN.

From Photographs by Arthur A. Sykes.

their respective suites behind them. The floor of the House (the Legislative Council Chamber) was taken up by ladies, while the members and the foreign consuls and representatives were relegated to the side-benches. Mr. E. F. Kilpin, the Clerk of the House of Assembly, is the great authority in matters of procedure, and his official handbook is the "Whitaker's Almanack" of the Cape.

took the place and began to build up another collection. He has got some extraordinary exhibits in his free museum, including Great Auks' eggs, Nelson's silver dishes, the famous medal given by the British Government to the Rajah of Mysore in 1851, the original model of the *Great Eastern*; also an exact facsimile of a column erected at Moscow in memory of Napoleon's defeat, and Trumpeter Joy's famous bugle.



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME AS ALMA SOMERSET IN "A GAIETY GIRL,"
AT DALY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Achæologists sometimes weep over the lack of materials for the history of some obscure period; but although these materials are more considerable than the uninitiated suspect, and are continually being added to by new discoveries, it is quite true that they remain scanty. This,



however, is not for lack of will on the part of the past generations, who have done their best to commemorate themselves; it is due partly to the ravages of time, but principally to the destructiveness or indifference of succeeding races and generations. And really it is a merciful dispensation (to use the language of theology) that time and barbarians have been so destructive; for otherwise, the past races being the great majority, we should be unable to move for the monuments of their history.

It is the natural instinct of man to rear a monument to himself and his relatives, whether natural piety, vanity, or superstition dictates the act. If we could interpret the signs of early or illiterate savages, we should find the world one cemetery of bygone races, and be able to moralise, like Hamlet, over every stick or stone or pinch of dust in our way. From the first dawn of consciousness, the human mind cries out for commemoration; the desire for immortality, which is often taken as a proof of a future life, is reinforced by the appetite for fame. We want to be talked about and praised by those that will come after us; and to that end some of us write and some paint and some bet, but all passionately battle against the oblivion that in a day, a year, a century, will, none the less, surely sweep over our names or our deeds, or both.

How human and how pathetic is the vision of a schoolroom-desk, carved and scored with the names of the boys who have passed through it! All those bright young lives, full of the gladness of adventure, the



HOW THE BOYS AT RUGBY DECORATE THE PANELS.

From Photographs by E. H. Spelght, Rugby.

hope of high achievement in the world outside school—and what remains? Look at these three panels from Rugby a generation ago—a famous school at a famous time. Many of the names might be traced in after life—some to fame, most to creditable achievement—but what does

it all amount to? A square of wood covered with names; less significant than the equally neat inscriptions on the tombstones of a crowded town churchyard.

A few names, indeed, on the old desk-lids are generally known yet—others, more numerous, known in University circles; but, on the whole, there are but few celebrated names in the collection. The boys grew up—lived, doubtless, in many cases, good and useful lives; but fame was not theirs. And yet, perhaps, the most unknown of these schoolboy carvers has achieved as much immortality as hundreds of great kings and warriors of the old days. There are many monarchs of ancient history whose sole proof of existence is some scratch on a wall, some stamp on a single coin. May it not be our best chance of immortality to carve our names wherever we can? The names may survive for centuries, and, if we did nothing of note, yet other men's deeds will have perished from remembrance as much as our own deedlessness. It will not all be one a hundred years hence, but a thousand years hence it will.

Not that the memorials of our age will have perished altogether. The future age will have abundant materials for a history of ours; but the materials will be *too* abundant. Just as agriculture is timid in the tropics, where Nature does too much, as much as in the Arctic lands, where Nature will do nothing to help, so too much stuff baffles the historian. Already it is becoming an enormous labour to form any clear conception of the times nearest our own, when many men knew and still more wrote. What will the future writer do who seeks to winnow out



of mountains of journalistic chaff the true story of the Dreyfus Case or the Jameson Raid? History will become a mere colourless epitome, baffled by superabundance of material, as once by its lack.

But does it so much matter that the future world should know all about this? Are not the names of men all that they need contribute to posterity? Entries in a register for birth, marriage, and death; a name carved on a school-desk, and again carved on a tombstone? What else is needed? If the man has done or created anything, let his work speak. If he has lived a helpful and beautiful life, let some capable person write his biography. To the rest, let all be profoundly indifferent. If men or deeds remember themselves, let us commemorate them; if they are the embodiments of a living cause, let them be celebrated. Apart from this—why not forget? Why not be forgotten?

After all, this is the reward that we mostly are working for; and it is a good and sufficient wage for our day's work. It is well to remember the past generations if we cannot help remembering; it is ill to recall and celebrate what we should naturally forget. There is something rather contemptible about a theatrical "benefit" for some improvident actor or his family; there is something grotesquely ludicrous about a pageant or celebration in honour of the dead. It is like giving a benefit performance for one who does not and cannot need it—recitations and songs and speeches and a banquet, and what does it profit anyone? The world is weary of centenaries and tercentenaries, and will soon become sick of millenaries. Can't anybody let anything alone?

The schoolboy memorial is the best. A new knife and an idle half-hour, and there is the name. Friends and descendants will know who it was; if fame has come, the world will know from other sources. It is just so much record of existence as we need ask or wish—oblivion plus a name.

MARMITON.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



PROSERPINA.—PAINTED BY THEODORE ROUSSEL.

This picture is exhibited at the Goupil Galleries, Regent Street, and has been specially photographed for "The Sketch." M. Roussel has the support of all traditional scholarship in connecting the poppy with Proserpina in her character of Sleep Goddess. In his flesh-painting and in his drawing of the figure, M. Roussel, who is French, though he is said to be an Englishwoman, and has settled among us, has all those advantages which the incomparable teaching of the best French ateliers gives. The real interest of M. Roussel's painting may be said to lie in the exact reverse of the curious emphasis which makes us speak to this day of "a Rossetti expression" or "a Rossetti face." The magnificent glowing colours of the rich brocade which forms the background, the burning and burnt-out flames of the beautifully painted poppies, must not lead us to mistake an essentially classical painting for a work of the Romantic school. For it speaks as a whole, as a synthetic composition and creation, or it does not speak at all. The dark hair and dress (these tones are cold brown-black and cool blue-black in the picture) are the key note of the symphony, the kindling greys and paling carnations of the flesh-painting contrasting with the warm tones of the brocade, and these, again, with the colour-notes of the flowering and fading poppies. M. Roussel is showing sixteen smaller works in the same room at Goupil's: these are usually landscapes and seascapes, impressions of places along our own Kentish coast from Rochester to Dover. M. Roussel is now engaged upon a large canvas to be called "A Pastoral." It represents full summer in the Arcadian woods, and is an elaborate design, including seated, reclining, and standing figures. It will probably be exhibited at Goupil's early next spring.

THE HILLS ROUND BALMORAL ARE STILL TIPPED WITH THEIR WINTER SNOWS.

The large illustration on this page is one of the most picturesque photographs of the Queen's Highland home that has ever been taken. It presents in one comprehensive view the typical features of this section of the Aberdeenshire Highlands—Balmoral Castle, with the wooded hill of Craig Gowan behind it, and beyond that the bare, gigantic mass of Lochnagar, with its three peaks, the principal one rising to the height of 3786 feet. The River Dee only is wanting to complete the scene. It flows past the Castle, but is concealed by the trees in the foreground of the picture. It is perhaps necessary to add that this particular view of Balmoral Castle and the surrounding scenery is denied—in its fullest extent, at all events—the average tourist who makes the journey to Balmoral by coach. The coach-road, like the river, is obscured by the foreground of trees, and the photograph is taken from a point considerably above it; from the lower level of the road one does not see Lochnagar. But, if the tourist goes on to Braemar, he will easily see Lochnagar, as depicted in the other picture, this view of the mountain that dominates the Balmoral region being got



LOCHNAGAR, WHICH BYRON IMMORTALISED IN HIS FAMOUS POEM.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

at a place with the rather unpronounceable name of Cairnquhean—a corrupted form of Gaelic words signifying the Cairn (heap of stones) of Remembrance. The Cairn—the site of which is still shown—had a

curious history. Every clansman mustered for battle on a particular occasion deposited a stone, each survivor as he returned removed one, and the number of stones left represented those who had been slain. The photographs were taken in June, but, notwithstanding, Lochnagar, it will be observed, is well covered with snow. The sweltering heat of June was not so marked an experience of Upper Deeside as of London, and, besides, in these high altitudes what is elsewhere rain speedily becomes transformed into snow.

Round Lochnagar, while the stormy mist gathers, Winter presides in his cold icy car,

sang Byron, and the signs of winter remain

long on Lochnagar, especially in its unsunned corries and in dark corners of its frowning precipices. It is only in exceptionally warm summers that snow disappears entirely from the majestic mountain that overlooks—and, indeed, forms part of—her Majesty's Deeside domain.



WHILE LONDON SWEATED LAST WEEK, THE HILLS ROUND BALMORAL CASTLE (WHICH THE QUEEN HAS JUST LEFT) STILL BORE TRACES OF THEIR WINTER SNOWS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE SKETCH" BY ROBERT MILNE, BALLATER.

THE GREATEST RIFLE MEETING IN THE WORLD.

ALL ABOUT BISLEY.

The greatest event in the shooting world, namely, the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association, opened at Bisley on Monday, and will be the one thing that all Volunteers will think of during the next few days.

The first bull's-eye of the first meeting of the Association was made by Queen Victoria. That was in 1860, when the rifle, having been



THE PRINCESS OF WALES OPENING THE BISLEY RANGE ON JULY 7, 1890.

A magazine-rifle was sighted by Sir Henry Halford at 500 yards' range, and the bullet hit the bull two inches off the centre.

brought to the Whitworth-Enfield state, was considered to be perfect. Prince Albert, the Royal Consort, who established a prize of £100 to be shot for by marksmen from any country in the world, in reply to an address, said he was confident that the result of the shooting would be to show that, as the British manufacturer is second to none in the fabrication of the arm itself, so the people of this country are not to be surpassed by any in the knowledge how to use it. The Prince's words were prophetic, for, while a hundred and thirty of the flower of Switzerland competed against two hundred and thirty British marksmen, the £100 prize was carried off by Lacy, of the 12th Regiment, while Lawley, of the 2nd Derbyshire, came second, followed by Peter, a Swiss. The Swiss marksmen, however, did some wonderful work. Thorel, the crack shot of the Swiss team, on the way to the Common picked up a horse-shoe and wore it on his breast as a decoration. His belief in the charm was strengthened when he performed the then extraordinary feat of making a bull's-eye—on the centre of the bull—three times in succession, marksmanship that was not equalled by Britisher or foreigner during the day. The Prince Consort's conditions were then a severe test of shooting, for ten shots had to be fired at eight hundred yards, ten at nine hundred yards, and ten at a thousand yards—strangely enough, the conditions of the Third Stage of the Queen's competition to-day. The only important prize won by a foreign competitor in 1860 was the Duke of Cambridge's Prize, which Knecht, of Zürich, carried off with ten points out of a possible twenty—five rounds at eight hundred yards and five at a thousand yards.

The Queen gave her speech at the opening of the meeting in July 1860 a fitting period by pulling a silk cord attached to the trigger of a Whitworth rifle, and at four hundred yards scoring the first bull's-eye of the famous Wimbledon meetings. That year the Queen further showed her sympathy with the Volunteer movement by instituting the great prize of £250 which bears her name. Although it does not follow that the winner of this prize is the best shot in Britain, greater honour is attached to it than to the Gold Cross, the Canada trophy, and the £20, which are given to the marksman with the highest aggregate, the best shot for the year at Bisley.

In "The Queen's" at the meeting, Flodden and Bannockburn are re-fought annually. Ears in all parts of England and Scotland are wide open to catch the sounds which proclaim an Englishman or a Scotchman the victor. It was in 1894 that the Duke of Connaught, on hearing that Sergeant Rennie, of Glasgow, had won the blue ribbon, declared, "The Scots always win!"; but his Royal Highness was not speaking by book, for, had he consulted any authoritative list, he would have found that from 1860 till 1894 twenty Englishmen, fourteen Scotchmen, and one Welshman had won "The Queen's."

It was a Scotchman, however, who drew first blood, and that Scot a youth of only eighteen, not then away from school. This was Private Edward Ross, who had joined a Kincardineshire company of Volunteers before going to school in Yorkshire. His father, Captain Horatio Ross, was one of the best-known deer-hunters in Scotland. His son, too, was an expert deer-stalker. Of stationary targets he had no experience, and it is said that he had never fired a shot with the Army rifle until he had used it in the First Stage of "The Queen's."

In 1860 the prizes in the initial stage of the great competition were twenty Whitworth rifles to the twenty leading shots, a silver medal going, in addition, to the marksman at the top. These twenty, and the following twenty, shot in the Second Stage. Corporal Sharp, of the 9th Sussex, carried off the first Silver Medal—the Bronze Medal was not instituted till 1886—and young Ross took the twentieth rifle in the First Stage. A good idea of the erratic shooting by the "cracks" in the Final Stage of "The Queen's" in 1860 cannot be conveyed, save by the figures. Of a possible sixty points, made by ten shots each at 800, 900, and 1000 yards—the present "final" conditions—Ross led with 24, Viscount Fielding, of the 4th Flintshire, coming second with 21 points, and Russell and Beard, of Edinburgh, being thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth with grand totals of one point each!

Since 1860 there have been many memorable fights for the £250 and blue ribbon, but only one man has had the good fortune to carry away the trophy twice. That was Cameron, of the 6th Inverness, who, as a private in 1866 and a corporal in 1869, won "The Queen's." Like Ross, Cameron was a Scot, and like Ross, too, he was not out of his teens when, in 1866, he was declared the champion shot of Britain. Cameron, in 1866, made 69 out of a possible 84, and in 1869, when he repeated his victory, he made a grand total of 71.

Although the Third Stage of the Queen's Prize Competition was instituted in 1885, it was in the following year that the Bronze Medal was first awarded. The Bronze Medal is given to the marksman having the highest aggregate at 200, 500, and 600 yards in the opening stage. The honour of winning the first Bronze Medal of the N.R.A. fell to a young Scotchman who was appearing at Wimbledon for the first time. Colour-Sergeant Souter, of Aberdeen—he was a corporal when he won the Medal—headed the First Stage list, with a score of 96. At the 500 yards he had the full complement of marks. Corporal Souter, who won the Grand Aggregate the same year, was "fancied" for the Silver Medal, and at the close of the first round of the Second Stage he was still leading. At 600 yards, however, he failed. The Silver Medal was won by Captain Cortis, of the 2nd Sussex, after a tie with Private Jackson, of the 1st Lincoln.

For the first time in the history of the Association, there was a double



THE QUEEN OPENING THE WIMBLEDON RANGE ON JULY 7, 1860.

She fired off a Whitworth rifle at a range of 400 yards. She pulled a red cord, and in an instant the red-and-white flag indicating a bull's-eye was shown by the marker.

tie in "The Queen's" in 1886. The bagpipes were silent, however, for three South Country men divided the spoils and shot for the honour. The man who led at the opening of the 900-yards range shooting in the Final Stage was Captain Davies, 1st Glamorgan, with an aggregate of 232, and

he gave his fellow Volunteers from Wales hopes of a victory for the Principality. Colour-Sergeant Barrett, of Lancashire, was pegging away at the bull's-eye; Major McKerrell, of Ayr, was making good work, and Private Jackson was firing up to the expectations of his friends. The Scotchman fell out, and, with the penultimate shot, Barrett and Jackson were level with 260 points. It was a battle of the giants. Barrett raised his rifle, and in death-like stillness fired—a bull! Jackson, marking eagerly the atmospheric conditions, fired. A bull had been scored, and the two Englishmen had tied. Congratulations were being showered on the two men, when someone discovered that a

In 1888, Lieutenant Barrett, who in 1886 tied for the Gold Medal, won the Bronze Medal, and for the leading place in the Second Stage three Englishmen and one Scotchman tied, Corporal Noakes, of the 1st Berkshire, ultimately winning. The annals of the meetings of the N.R.A. will be searched in vain for a more exciting struggle than that of 1888. There were 2362 entrants for "The Queen's." When these hopefuls had been reduced to "The Hundred," and when the fortunate ones had fired a few shots, Bates, the Birmingham "crack," who had fought five times previously in the Final Stage, was leading by a few points. Marksmen at the critical moment, however, are as reliable as weather-prophets. Fulton, of the Queen's Westminster, who was then in "The Hundred" for the first time, began to make his presence felt at the outset of the shooting at the 900-yards range. Four shots from the finish there was little to choose between Fulton, Noakes, Cooper, of the 1st Devon, Pattison, of Renfrew, and Bates. With one shot to go and the £250 and honours in his grasp, Fulton lay down in absolute stillness, determined to win. And win he did, for, in response to his last shot, the bull's-eye signal went up, his score being thus brought to 280. The winner of the Queen's Prize of 1888 is a wood-engraver, and was thirty-five years of age when he won "The Queen's."



PRIVATE E. ROSS, 7TH NORTH YORK.
WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE, 1860.

young man from Newcastle, who had just taken his degree at Cambridge, was making grand work. He had 262, with a shot to go. A magpie with that shot would give him 265, and a tie, and an inner would let him win outright. Richardson was the objective of thousands of eyes as he prepared to fire his last shot. Down went the trigger and up went the magpie! Barrett, Jackson, and Richardson had tied. Then the tie-shots were fired, and Jackson won with 5, 3, 3; Barrett having 0, 4, 3, and Richardson 3, 2, 0. When Jackson won "The Queen's" he was thirty-three years of age.

A shadow hung over the Meeting of 1887. The Duke of Cambridge, President of the Association, had given the Council notice to quit the Common of Wimbledon, as the tenantry on his property behind the butts were living in terror of the spent bullets which were paying visits too frequently. This was the year of Jubilee, however, and it was expected that the Queen would grace the proceedings with her presence; 2477 men entered for "The Queen's," and Wimbledon was visited by soldiers and Volunteers from all parts of her Majesty's vast dominions. For the Bronze Medal, Scotland and England, in the persons of Sergeant Dodds, of Dumfries, and Sergeant Gardiner, of 1st Cumberland, tied with 95 points, and, on the shoot-off, the Englishman won. In the Second Stage the two countries again tied, but the Silver Medal was taken by the Scotchman, Armourer-Sergeant Hill, of the 5th Lanark, who made 14 points, against Private Robinson, of the 5th Durham, 11. The score which won the Silver Medal was 200. In the Final Stage, at 800 yards, Bates, the great Birmingham shot, and Jones, of the 1st Welsh Fusiliers, were leading; but at 900 yards Scotland was well to the front with Hill and Bain, while Lieutenant Warren, of the Victorias, was also shooting to win. Bain, with two cartridges in hand, had 266, while Warren had 269 with but one shot to go. Only a total breakdown could prevent Bain from winning the prize. But Bain did break down, scoring 0, 0 with his shots. Warren had won with a round to spare. Unconscious of his victory, he fired his last shot. Away went the lead, and up went the bull signal. Warren had taken the £250 and honours with 274, six points in front of Hill, and beating Bain by eight points.



LIEUTENANT R. O. WARREN, 1ST MIDDLESEX.
WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE, 1887.



PRIVATE FULTON, QUEEN'S WESTMINSTER.
WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE, 1888.

Lieutenant Warren, a member of the firm of Warren, Warren, and Co., solicitors, London, was but thirty-two years of age when he won the blue ribbon of Volunteering.

rapidly. He had finished, 5, 5, 4, 3—281, when Major Pearce was firing his sixth. The Major, with one shot to go, had to make a bull to win. The excitement outside the ropes was intense. As the bullet for the last time went whistling to its billet, the crowd waited expectantly. Slowly the signal rose. It was only a magpie, and the twenty-five-year-old Glasgow Engineer had, with a score of 281, won the Queen's Prize the last time that it was shot for on famous Wimbledon Common.

It was with mixed feelings that Volunteers assembled for the 1890 meeting of the National Rifle Association. No more would they "hunt the bulls" and "magpies" on Wimbledon Common, where so many hopes had been blasted, and round which so many associations had gathered, and it was as yet uncertain if the new meeting-place, Bisley, would be a more congenial hunting-ground.

The head of the Royal House had put on the first bull's-eye at Wimbledon, and it was delegated to the Second Lady in the Land to open Bisley with a "highest possible." The Prince of Wales accompanied



CORPORAL CAMERON, 6TH INVERNESS.
WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE, 1866 AND 1869.



SERGEANT D. REID, LANARK ENGINEERS.
WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE, 1889.



SERGEANT BATES, 1ST WARWICK (1890).



PRIVATE DEAR, QUEEN'S EDINBURGH (1891).



MAJOR POLLOCK, A. AND S. HIGHLANDERS (1892).



SERGEANT DAVIES, 1ST WELSH (1893).



LIEUTENANT RENNIE, 3RD LANARK (1894).



PRIVATE HAYHURST, CANADA (1895).



CAPTAIN THOMSON, QUEEN'S EDINBURGH (1896).

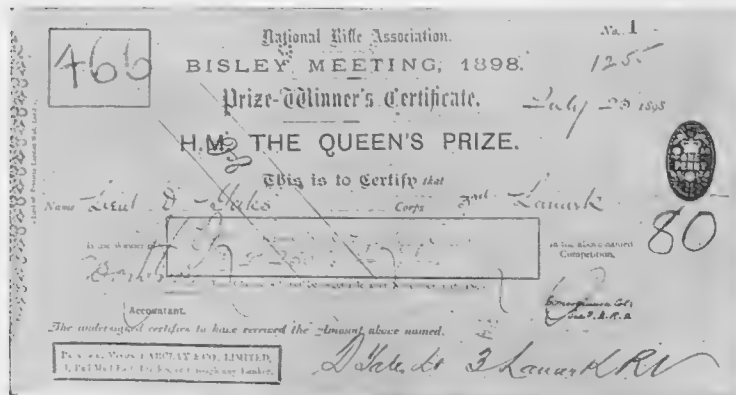


PRIVATE WARD, 1ST DEVON (1897).



LIEUTENANT D. YATES, 3RD LANARK (1898).

the Princess, and several members of their family, his brother, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Cambridge, helped to make a brilliant assemblage. The rifle with which the Princess was to open the meeting was fixed at five hundred yards, and at a given signal her Royal Highness



CHEQUE FOR THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

pulled the silk tassel. When the signal was given that the shot had struck well within the black of the bull, a great cheer was raised.

In 1889, at the last meeting at Wimbledon, there were 2674 souls in camp, while at the first Bisley meeting, in 1890, 3606 people had to be provided for. Over 2300 marksmen entered for "The Queen's," and two Englishmen and one Scotchman tied for the Bronze Medal with 98; possible, 105. In the shoot-off, Private McLachlan, of the 8th Lanark, won. North-men seemed to be in luck, for Private Murray, of the 3rd Aberdeen, who, with 97, occupied the fourth place in the First Stage, won the Silver Medal with 45 and 62 at 500 and 600 yards—total for both stages, 204. In the Final, the prowess of an English marksman robbed the contest of the excitement which is almost always present when the last few shots are being fired. Bates, of Birmingham, perhaps the finest shot in Great Britain, in face of wind that travelled across Bisley at the rate of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, put on seven bulls at 800 yards, and finished at 900 yards with a grand total of 278 points. Bates, who was heartily congratulated by the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolseley, is a gunmaker and jeweller in Birmingham.

At the second Bisley meeting only 1985 men tried their skill in "The Queen's," and Corporal Pape, of the 1st Border Regiment, took the Bronze Medal with 93, a representative of England—Sergeant Milner, of the 2nd Derby—also winning the silver trophy in the Second Stage. He had to shoot off a tie with Tom Muirhead, of Glasgow, however. The score was 200. At 900 yards, Sergeant Milner's friends were early disappointed, for, beginning with a miss, he was all through unsuccessful, and of a possible 50 points he had only 27. The Scotchmen at the firing-point—Brigadier-General Lord Kingsburgh was of the number—threw the national burden on the shoulders of Private David Dear, of the Queen's Edinburgh. Dear had 84 in the First Stage, and 104 in the Second; and, after making 38 at 800 yards, began at 900 yards with a bull. He came to the front rapidly. Just before the Edinburgh man sent away his last shot, a cheer was raised, for Sergeant-Bugler Hill, of the 19th Middlesex, had finished with a total of 268, two points ahead of Gibbons. Dear, with one shot to go, raised his rifle and aimed deliberately. After a considerable pause, he pressed the trigger, and a magpie was signalled. The Scotchmen gave a hearty cheer, for the Edinburgh law clerk of some thirty years of age had won the Queen's Prize of £250 and great honour.

In 1892 the fight for the Queen's favour was extraordinarily exciting. Private Harris, of the 2nd Manchester, ran away with the Bronze Medal, finishing 98, four points ahead of three Englishmen and three Scotchmen. Major Pollock followed eighth with 93. The winning of the Silver Medal gave the great family of Smith an opportunity of scoring. An ingenious gentleman discovered that Major Pollock and Trooper Smith, of the 1st Middlesex, had tied with 201 points. When the matter had been investigated, however, it appeared that the score of a Cheshire Smith at 500 yards had been added to that of a Surrey Smith at 600 yards, and these two scores were put to the credit of a Middlesex Smith, whose name ultimately was not found even in the "Queen's Hundred." It was only after a keen tussle that Major Pollock, with 201 points, won the Silver Medal. The Major's comrades chaffingly declared that a Silver Medallist never became a Gold Medallist, and to this he replied, "Well, I'll break the record to-day." Fulton, Reid, and Lawrance, three former Queen's Prizemen, made a big bid for the trophy. At the end, the tussle was between Comber, of Surrey, Pollock, and Stocks. The last two men had only one shot each to go, and the prize seemed to lie between them. If Stocks made a bull, and Pollock missed, the prize would belong to the former, provided no one else intervened. Stocks fired, and made a bull. As Pollock raised his rifle, the excitement was uncontrollable. The buzz reached the ears of the marksman. He pulled, and an outer was registered. At once, Highland bonnets went up, the bagpipes began to skirl, and one man was supremely happy, and ninety-nine supremely miserable. Major Pollock had 277.

The Bronze Medal of 1893 was won by Private Stocks, of the

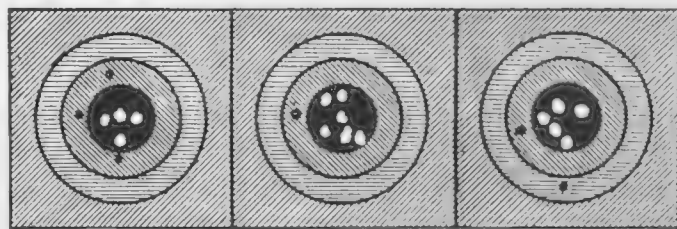
2nd Liverpool, after firing off several tie-shots with an Englishman and a Scotchman. Their scores were 96. With a score of 208, the winner of the Bronze Medal carried off the Silver Medal. At the 800-yards range, Lord Roberts was one of a large body of military men who took up a position behind the shooters. At the conclusion of the 800 yards only a few points separated three or four men, but at 900 yards Stocks and Ward completely broke down. Stocks made 9 points out of a possible 50, and Ward was only 3 points better, finishing with the same grand total, 250. Captain Rothwell and Davies, from Wales, were firing rapidly. The former finished, 271, when Davies was firing his eighth. With two shots in hand, Davies had a magpie to make to win. Off went the lead for the ninth time, and the rising of the magpie signal was also the signal for a burst of hearty cheering. This demonstration upset the Welshman, for his last shot almost missed. It was an outer, but it was more than enough. The winner of "The Queen's" of 1893 is a tinplate worker, and was thirty-three years of age when he took the Gold Medal and £250 to "Gallant little Wales."

Princess Anne, the eldest daughter of George II., once said that she would die to-morrow to be Queen to-day. The Scotchman who declared in 1894 at Bisley that he "did not care if his country lost everything provided it gained 'The Queen's,'" was perhaps as sincere as though less selfish than the Princess Royal. In 1894 Scotland did gain "The Queen's," and if Rennie, of Glasgow, had lost it, the place would have been taken by McGibbon, also from the Second City. The Bronze Medal of 1894 was won by Corporal Bailey, of the 3rd East Surrey, who had 97 out of the possible 105. The Silver Medal competition was a struggle between Captain Bateman, of the Tower Hamlets, and Private Rennie, but ultimately Bateman won with 208 to Rennie's 206. The fine shooting of the Englishman and the Scot at six hundred yards is worth detailing—

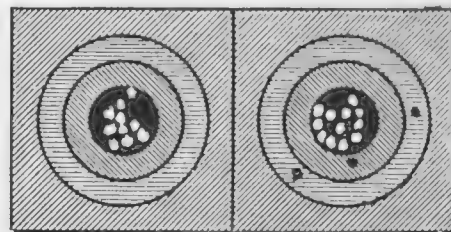
Rennie	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	3	2	5	—68.
Bateman	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	4	5	4	3	3	—64.	

With his fourth shot at eight hundred yards, Tom Muirhead, of Glasgow, got the bull, and did not leave it during that "shoot." He finished with 244, Rennie with 245, and McGibbon with 241. Then came the grand struggle at nine hundred yards, in presence of Lord Cross and Lord Roberts. Rennie with his ninth shot, an outer, had 278, and when he found the bull with his last he was chaired as winner with 283.

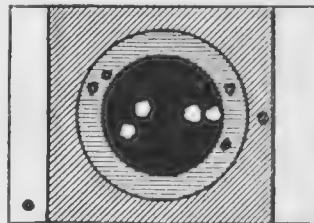
"The Queen's" of 1895 was a memorable fight. Comber, of Surrey, made the best score that had been recorded for the Bronze Medal—100; possible, 105; and Lance-Sergeant Hogg, of the 1st Roxburgh and



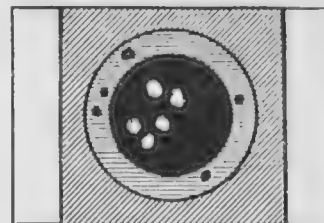
200 yards, 5545445—32. 500 yards, 5545555—34. 600 yards, 3554555—32.
FIRST STAGE, 98.



500 yards, 5555555555—50. 600 yards, 5555555555—70.
SECOND STAGE, 120.



800 yards, 3545455424—41.



900 yards, 4545451455—15.

FINAL STAGE, 56.

THE BEST RECORD EVER FIRED FOR THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

These targets were pinked by Private Ward, of the 1st Devon, in 1897.

Selkirk, with 205—possible, 230—carried off the Silver Medal. When the 800-yards "shoot" of the Final Stage was nearing completion, the Scotchmen chuckled, for Boyd, of the 3rd Lanark, and Fraser, of the Queen's Edinburgh, were leading. A whisper went round the ropes, however, that Hayhurst, the Canadian, was paying attention to the

bull's-eye. Hayhurst began at 900 yards with a bull, but fell away. With his eighth and ninth he got the bull. Another five, or even a four, would have sent the trophy to Canada unchallenged, but the bird of evil omen appeared, and Hayhurst and Boyd had tied with 279. The Canadian and the Scot agreed to divide the money and shoot for the honour. After a cordial handshake, the tie was fired, and the Canadians swooped down upon the winner, Hayhurst, carrying him in triumph to Lady Wantage for decoration.

It looked as if Scotland were to clear the board of the Queen's trophies in 1896, for Private Wilson, of the London Scottish, began by appropriating the Bronze Medal. He was followed by three Scots. For the Silver Medal, two Scotchmen tied with one Englishman when one shot only had to go, but Captain Foster, of Surrey, won the trophy. At 800 and 900 yards, Lieutenant Thomson, of Edinburgh, had many admirers, and Captain Foster, too, had numerous backers. Corporal Cowern, of the 3rd South Stafford, had also been picked out from the ruck. Captain Foster had 264 with two shots in hand; Lieutenant Thomson had 269, also with two to go; while Corporal Cowern had one cartridge to spare, with 265. With it he did his best, making a bull. Thomson was thus left with two shots unspent and four points to make to win, for Captain Foster's injudicious friends spoiled their champion's chances. The captain scored five with his eighth shot, and his admirers cheered loudly. This upset the marksman, who missed with his ninth, and made two with his tenth. Three or four times Thomson raised his rifle to fire, and his friends began to fear that his nerve had failed. At last, however, he got away his shot, and the rising of the bull signal declared him the winner of the prize, with a shot in hand. While he was firing his last round, the bagpipes were being prepared, and when, at last, an outer was signalled, Thomson, with a grand total of 273 to his credit, was borne off to the Duchess of Albany for his prize. Lieutenant Thomson, now Captain, was only some twenty-eight years of age when he won the Queen's Prize.

The year 1897 saw the introduction of the Lee-Netford rifle, and consequent great improvement in the shooting. Sergeant Hills, of the 5th Hants, took the Bronze Medal with the fine score of 102, possible 105, and that crack Border shot, with a genealogical tree whose roots are embedded in the soil of antiquity, Armourer-Sergeant Scott, carried off the Silver Medal with 219 out of a possible 230. There were some peculiar positions in "The Queen's" of 1897. For the Bronze Medal, Sergeant Hills tied with and beat Scott; in the Second Stage Scott tied with and beat Ward, of Devon; and in the Final Stage Ward and Scott were found tussling for the Gold Medal. The fight for "The Queen's" of 1897 was described as a battle of the giants. There was Thomson, with his last year's medal, and other "Queen's" honours; there was Ward, who had already been five times in the Final Stage of "The Queen's"; and there was Scott, the Border blacksmith who had made the country ring with his successes during the meeting. Davies, of Llanelly, who won "The Queen's" in 1893, was in the running; and so were Clementi-Smith and Mackay, of Sutherland, the hero of 1883, and a "Queen's Hundred" man at other four meetings. With these giants as performers, and the Dukes of York and Cambridge and their suites, Lord Kingsburgh, and a great crowd of Volunteers and civilians as audience, the final struggle of 1897 presented an interesting spectacle. As the close of the 900-yards shooting approached, there was nothing heard but "Crack! Crack!" "Ward, a bull's-eye, 5!" "Scott, a bull's-eye, 5!" The Dukes of York and Cambridge exchanged whispers, and Lord Kingsburgh, the head of the Scottish Volunteer movement, pressed close to Scott, who lay quietly sucking a tomato. The marksmen were within two shots of the end, and on those two shots hung high honour and £250. With his tenth, Ward placed his bullet right in the bull's-eye, upon which a great cheer arose. In a tremendous hubbub, Scott fired, and lost; he had made an inner, and finished 302 to Ward's 304. Thomson, of Edinburgh, just missed "The Queen's" for the second time, for his score was 302, and, having a better total than Scott at the long range, he took second place. The success of the Devon coachbuilder was an extremely popular one.

The brilliant shooting of 1897 caused the authorities to add another range to the Final Stage, which became in 1898, 800, 900, and 1000 yards.

hurrying across Bisley at the rate of from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour when the marksmen were firing in the Final Stage, and allowances of from fourteen to twenty feet were being made. When the shooting closed at 900 yards, it was found that Colour-Sergeant Barrett, of the 2nd Norfolk, had got to the top with 298, Lieutenant Yates, of the 3rd Lanark, following with 295. When firing began at 1000 yards, Yates went away from the others, but he had to reckon with two veterans—Fulton, the hero of 1888, and Scott, of the Borderers, both of whom were shooting brilliantly. With his ninth shot Yates made three, but to his tenth there was no response. His friends' spirits fell to zero, for the marksman had failed to notice that the conditions had entirely altered, and his miss left him with 327. Scott, with a bull for his ninth, had 323, and, hastily altering his elevation three feet, he got a magpie with his tenth. This made his total 326. Handford, of the 2nd Manchester, had come right up to the front, and stepped in second with 326, to the great surprise of those who were watching the finish. Scott took third place, the same position as he occupied in 1897. Thus, though he missed with his last shot, Lieutenant Yates ran out winner, and was borne aloft to the Duchess of Westminster to receive his medal and cheque. Lieutenant Yates is a traveller in the timber trade, and began his volunteering as a plain private.

He is a belated Volunteer who does not know, in a general way, the conditions under which prizes in the great Bisley competition are won, but it is not generally known that in "The Queen's" there are six hundred prizes. Her Majesty's personal gift is a cheque for £250, but under the title of "Her Majesty the Queen's Prize" there are individual prizes totalling to something like £2500, besides three medals and a hundred and two badges. All these medals and badges, other than the £250 cheque, are given by the National Rifle Association, which finds a great deal to do during the course of the year.

"The Queen's" is not confined to Volunteers serving in corps, but is open to ex-Volunteers who have served a certain number of years. No ex-Volunteer, however, is allowed to win her Majesty's cheque and concomitants, although he may take the second or one of the following prizes.

There are not wanting signs that those in authority over her Majesty's Volunteer forces do not attach the same importance to individual shooting as they do to collective or volley firing; and, in consequence, some prophets of evil predict the decadence of the annual gathering. Until, however, some radical change be made in the shooting conditions at the Meeting, and until the Queen's Prize ceases to be almost a nightmare to Volunteers who can handle their rifles with dexterity, the camp on Bisley Common will always continue to be the Mecca of British marksmen.

As a proof of the enormous advance we have made in shooting, I may mention some facts about the first Volunteer Corps ever formed in this country, namely, the Exeter and South Devon Volunteer Rifle Corps, who held their first muster at Exeter on Oct. 6, 1852. A rifle-butt was formed in a quarry in Exminster Marshes with a good 600-yards range. Against a flat rock Mr. H. H. Haydon painted with a few broad splashes of whitewash a figure of a man as a target. The figure was made very stout and round, so that it might be hit the more easily. "It is amusing," says Mr. Pycroft, "to look back within so short a time at the weapons then in use. Mr. Edward Woolmer came to the ground armed with a 'Purdy' costing seventy guineas, of which he was very proud. Dr. Bucknill came with a 'Minié' rifle made to order in Birmingham at the price of £3 10s., and the value of the 'Purdy' went down at once when tried against the Brummagem 'Minié.' We thought it marvellous shooting to hit every time, or nearly every time, a cliff a hundred feet in height, while poor Mr. Woolmer with his costly firearm could not throw the bullet up to the mark. No man ever dreamed then of the possibility of hitting bull's-eyes at 1100 yards, for 200 was the utmost that could be got out of the regulation rifle, the old 'Brunswick,' with its belted ball. Conical bullets were a novelty, and the 'Minié' was the first rifle which carried a conical expanding projectile. It was, indeed, the first arm of precision with long range, and the father of Enfields, Martini-Henrys, and the like. It was the first rifle introduced into this country from France which carried on the modern principle." How far away we are from these crude conditions of shooting anybody who follows rifle-meetings is well aware.



THE GOLD BADGE.



THE GOLD MEDAL.

Private Simpson, of the 4th Manchester, who won the Bronze Medal, tied with Sergeant Morrison, of Lanark. The score was 101. Sergeant Fletcher, of Liverpool, with 214, won the Silver Medal. The wind was

GREAT PARLIAMENTARY "P'S."

During the present generation of politicians a great Parliamentary "P." has stirred the House of Commons to its depth, but it may be doubted if a statue of the Irish leader will ever stand in Westminster Abbey. Other and even greater "P's" are there—the Pitts and Peel and Palmerston. The statues of all these, with the exception of the younger Pitt's, are in the North Transept. Close to Solomon's Porch is the large monument by Bacon to Lord Chatham, during whose Administration—as the inscription truly records—"Divine Providence exalted Great Britain to an height of prosperity and glory unknown to any former age." Chatham's figure, placed in a niche, is represented in an oratorical attitude, with his right hand outstretched; at his feet are seated two female figures, Wisdom and Courage. His courage was recognised in his lifetime, but posterity has been left to think with regret of wisdom which was not appreciated till too late. In our own day, monuments are less elaborate. Palmerston, in the costume of a Knight of the Garter, stands on a comparatively plain pedestal, and looks across Gladstone's grave, over which so many feet tread more or less softly. It is significant that while Chatham's monument was erected "by the King and Parliament," Jackson's statue of Palmerston bears reference to the authority only of Parliament. Sir Robert Peel's statue by Gibson is admirably placed, close to the pulpit.



WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM: NEAR SOLOMON'S PORCH.

Many a preacher has enforced the lesson of his sermon by turning round and pointing to this upright Parliament-man, who looks proudly towards the choir. Everyone has heard of the proximity of the graves of Fox and the younger Pitt, which suggested Scott's well-known lines—

Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier.

Pitt's monument over the eastern door in the nave may not be seen by so many people as study the statues in the transepts. It is an elaborate work by Westmacott. At the top stands the statue of "that great and disinterested Minister." To the right, at his feet, is History listening to his words; on the left is the abject figure of Anarchy in chains. Mr. Chamberlain's resemblance to Pitt is not so notable here as in his statue in St. Stephen's Hall. Nor would Pitt's attitude be adopted by the modern debater. Wearing the robes of Chancellor of the Exchequer, he is depicted in the act of speaking, with head thrown back and right hand uplifted in stately fashion. Even if Mr. Chaplin attempted such a pose, it would not strike one as sublime.

The heroic in oratory has gone out of fashion. Pitt may not have looked so stately as the sculptor represents him, but he would probably be surprised if he saw the great Parliamentarians of the present day. The only prominent member who would appear to advantage in a heroic statue is Sir William Harcourt, and yet he thumps the box by way of oratorical ornament.



ROBERT PEELE: NORTH TRANSEPT.



PITT: OVER WESTERN DOOR.



PALMERSTON: NORTH TRANSEPT.

These Statues in Westminster Abbey have been photographed specially for "The Sketch" by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

And this is Law, I will maintain
Until my dying day, sirs,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
I'll still be Vicar of Bray, sirs!

So the old song, which was written, we are told, by an officer in Colonel Fuller's regiment during the days of George I., though one daring writer ventures to ascribe it to honest Dick Steele, himself a trooper with convivial and lyrical leanings. Whoever the writer, there can be no mistaking the broad satire of the song. The refrain was borrowed from a country-side saw long current in the Thames Valley, and the habits and characteristics of a real Vicar of Bray-on-Thames were made to fit an imaginary successor, in order to bring the sarcasm home the more forcibly to turn-coats of the period. Fuller quotes this ancient saying, and appends an explanation as follows—

"The Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still." The vivacious Vicar hereof, living under King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant again. He had seen some martyrs burnt at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. The Vicar being taxed by one for being a turn-coat and an inconsistent changeling, "Not so," said he, "for I always kept my principle, which is this—to live and die Vicar of Bray."

This priest is thus identified by Gough in his Berkshire History—

Simon Aleyn, Vicar, Canon of Windsor. This is he of whom ye Proverbe, "The Vicar of Bray still."

The present Vicar of Bray, the Rev. Charles Andrewes Raymond, M.A. (Cantab.), who has been parish priest since 1887, writes—

There can be no manner of doubt but that Simon Aleyn, or Alleyn, was the Vicar of the old proverb, afterwards used to give point to a satirical Georgian song. Nor can the only other parish of Bray in the British Isles—that situated in Wicklow—be meant, for the Irish Bray is a Rectory, not a Vicarage.

Bray-on-Thames, where the famous Vicar lived and died, is a pleasant village about one mile south of Maidenhead and five miles north-west from Windsor. Colonel Fuller's regiment was stationed at Windsor when one of its officers is said to have written the song, so that he must have heard of Simon Aleyn's saying. The old Vicarage was standing in 1760, but has now no existence. The visitor, however, may view its site in a meadow about one furlong to the south of Bray Church, which is much the same as it was in the days of Simon Aleyn. The old Vicarage windows were of stained glass, which, according to tradition, had been coolly abstracted by Aleyn from the private chapel of a Roman Catholic member of the Norris family. This occurred after his second, and final, adoption of Protestant tenets. On being taxed with purloining the stained glass, he remarked, "By Saint Powle! I am but keeping it on trust for the Queen's Grace"; and to Elizabeth herself he stated that he had placed the glass in his own windows "so as to see the better through the errors of Romanism."

The planter family of Alleyn, of Virginia, claims descent from Simon Aleyn's brother Ralph. The following statement is communicated by Mr. Thomas R. Alleyn, of that family—

Simon Aleyn, the notorious Vicar of Bray, was one of the five sons of Thomas Aleyn, gentleman, of Farnham, in the county of Suffolk, by his wife, Anne, daughter of Steward of the Isle of Ely. Oliver Cromwell's mother was a Steward of Ely, so that the Vicar was probably a near kinsman of the Iron Protector. One of Simon's brothers, John Aleyn, settled at Bampton, in Devonshire, and a fragmentary pedigree of the family may be found in the Visitation of Devon, taken in 1620. We have no undoubted portrait of Simon Aleyn, but there exists an ancient woodcut professing to be his counterfeit presentment, but probably apocryphal. The family bore for Arms: "Per bend sinister, double dancettée argent and sable, six martlets countercharged." The Alleynes of Essex, who held the extinct baronetcy, were a collateral branch.

Like his successor of to-day, the "notorious" Vicar of Bray is said to have been originally a graduate of Cambridge. His mother bailing from Ely, this seems probable. But in May 1539 he graduated B.A. at Oxford, becoming M.A. in July 1542. In addition to being Vicar of Bray, he became also Vicar of Cookham (1553), Rector of Strathfieldsaye, in Hants (1559), and Canon of Windsor (1559), so that he made his religious vacillation pay beneficially. Bray Vicarage he had acquired under Henry VIII., Queen Mary gave him the parish of Cookham, and in the first year of Queen Bess he was made Canon and given the Rectory in Hampshire. Simon Aleyn's death occurred before June 29, 1563. He was probably buried in Windsor.

G. B.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

There is a cheerful vulgarity of the kind that can only hurt the primmest in Miss Rayner's "Rosalba." She once perpetrated another story of the same buoyant character, called "The Typewriting Girl." This is more ambitious, but equally blatant and good-tempered. It very nearly escaped being a success, a success as a work of fiction, and not merely as an absurd thing to put you in a good humour while you read or skip it. Miss Rayner is clever and shrewd, and she has a great deal of sympathy, apparently, with practical, hard-headed folks. But that has not saved her from falling in love with her heroine—and the writer of fiction who does that is lost. The impudent, saucy little Italian child who acts as guide to English strangers on the Monte Berico astonishes them by outbursts of the purest Cockney, learnt in Leather Lane Board School. Her father, in the interval of liberating his country from the Austrian yoke and cultivating his paternal three and a-half acres, has been a waiter at Gatti's. She is an attractive little scaramouch. When she joins some wandering players, and journeys through Italy and France with them to England, we feel sure she is going to turn up trumps sometime, that she will soon star it in Hatton Garden, or even on the music-hall boards. Her impudence, her self-interest, her

eye for the main chance, and her good spirits ensure success. But Miss Rayner, having fallen in love with her, sees her through rose-coloured glasses, and insists on her being chock-full of culture besides, by the time she reaches England in her vagabond career, having picked up not merely the languages, but the literatures of the countries she has passed through. She continues her mistake. Rosalba remains buoyantly vulgar and amusing throughout, and Miss Rayner blinds herself in a veil of sentiment. But she has conceived an entertaining character, if she has not drawn her with brave accuracy.

Mr. Austin Dobson as a prose writer has probably indulged in fewer generalities than any other with an equal reputation. Whether he has opinions or not it is not easy to guess. He has abundance of sentiment, but he uses that for his charming verse. For his essays he draws from an inexhaustible fund of information, and this he does not even treat pictorially. He never disguises that he is plying us with facts, and the grace and lightness of his style are qualities almost inexplicable under the circumstances. There is some criticism, not much, in the papers on Goldsmith and Gay in his new volume of eighteenth-century essays, "A Paladin of Philanthropy" (Chatto). In the others—on the fencer Angelo's Reminiscences, on Old Whitehall, "Changes at Charing Cross," "An English Engraver in Paris," and the rest—a skilful arrangement of facts and quotations

is his *solé* chance of interesting us. And he does interest, and amuse, and sometimes charm. Many writers with an equal fund of information would like to learn his secret. Of course, he knows all the good things that have been said of his subjects, if he does not exactly say good things himself. Some of these he condescends to quote, as flavour to the facts, and always with effect.

Mr. Becke's new volume of stories, "Ridan the Devil" (Unwin), does not differ much in matter or manner from its predecessors. He has a deep store of travel experience to draw from, and he seems to plunge his fist in, take the first thing that comes, and hand it to us in its raw condition. Doubtless, by past physical hardships he has earned his present success; but, on the whole, he may consider himself very lucky in having an audience so little exacting as his. They like him; they admire him for his old adventures. His adventures are just the kind of thing they like to hear about. The natives and the beach-combers and the skippers of the Southern Seas are characters that interest them keenly, and, as soon as Mr. Becke opens his mouth to talk of such, they listen attentively. Other writers have to arrange, select, and present their wares in a favourable, agreeable shape. No such trouble is demanded of Mr. Becke, and thus he is one of the few popular writers of the day who is never lively, and who never checks his desire to prose. There is some excellent stuff in the stories; but, unless one is a fanatic lover of adventure, and attracted rather than repulsed by tales of physical violence and inordinate hardship, it is easy enough to miss the excellence. The plain, blunt style becomes him, perhaps. But his artlessness is unnecessarily dreary.

O. O.



THE REV. C. A. RAYMOND, VICAR OF BRAY.

Photo by Lydell Sawyer.

A FRENCH STONEHENGE.

The "standing stones," as the Scotch peasantry call them, afford some of the most mysterious chapters of unwritten history, and the wonders of our more important British Cromlechs are equalled, if not surpassed, by

Marchands, at Locmariaquer, a huge shaft thirty-five feet in length poised upon three vertical monoliths some sixteen feet in height. This, however, becomes almost insignificant compared with its giant neighbour, which reaches the height of seventy-eight feet and measures thirteen feet at the base. Its weight must be at least two hundred and forty tons. But perhaps the most fruitful of learned speculations are the



THE ALIGNMENTS OF LE MENEC (THE PLACE OF STONES OR REMEMBRANCE) AT CARNAC.

From Photographs supplied by Mr. T. Cato Worsfold.

the marvellous group of Menhirs, Dolmens, Cromlechs, and other remains which are found in the Morbihan district of Brittany. The stones occur in the neighbourhood of Carnac and Locmariaquer, in the extreme west of Brittany, amid scenery for the most part wild heathland and altogether arid, stony, and sterile. The remains may be considered under three different headings—the Menhirs, or single stones; the Dolmens, or table stones; and the Alignments—which last consist of Menhirs set up in regular rows. Of the Menhirs the finest specimen is known as the Géant de Kerderf, which rises to the height of about twenty feet. A peculiar interest attaches to these isolated monoliths, inasmuch as they point to the universal worship of the reproductive powers of Nature. The suggestion need not be enforced further than to mention that even at the present time Breton peasant-women who feel that they have not fully fulfilled their mission as wives seek by touching the Géant de Kerderf to obtain that blessing which Hannah, after a more pious fashion, sought at Shiloh. To this day a superstitious reverence is paid to some of these Menhirs by the peasantry, who lay offerings of fruit and flowers at the base. Not infrequently it is found that some zealous

mysterious Alignments of Carnac. These are divided into three great groups: Le Menec, said to mean "The Place of Stones," or "Place of Remembrance"; Kermario, "The Place of the Dead," called also "Village des Morts"; and Kerlescant, or Kerlosquet, "The Place of Burning or Incineration." At Menec there are four great Alignments, at Kermario three, and three also at Kerlescant. The signification of the names seems to point almost indisputably to a funereal origin, though there are various explanatory legends, most of them bearing the mint-mark of the etiological myth, such as the story that the lines of stones are the petrified heathen enemies of the local saint, Cornély. Some theorists have attributed the stones to sun-worship, but the theory that they mark the burial-places of a pre-Celtic race is favoured by Mr. T. Cato Worsfold, an archaeologist of considerable experience, who has published an interesting monograph upon the French Stonehenge, based upon his personal observations and research in the locality. He finds, further, that the Dolmens were used and adapted by the Romans for shelter and residence, and that they were subsequently employed by the peasantry for a similar end. Altogether,



DOLMEN DE MANÉ-KERIONE, CARNAC.



THE GÉANT DE KERDERF, CARNAC.

priest, following the politic practice of his order with regard to pagan ceremonies, has fixed a cross to the side or summit of the Menhir, so that the act may become, outwardly, at least, one of Christian veneration.

Among the Dolmens, one of the finest is that known as the Table des

these fragments of an earlier world provide the antiquary with a text for endless interesting and improving discourse, and formed the subject of an able and attractive lecture by Mr. Worsfold recently at the Birkbeck Institute.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



HARRY B. NELSON.

A CRYING SHAME.

A UNIQUE LONDON CLUB ON A GREEN SWARD.

Within half-an-hour's drive from Mayfair, amid many acres of beautifully wooded surroundings, cool green lawns, and old-fashioned parterres, stands one of the best examples of the architecture of the brothers Adam. Built for one of the richest men of that time (the possessor of the famous "Hope Diamond"), nothing was left undone to render the house perfect, and free scope was given to the architect to carry into effect the creations of his genius. Solidity and grace distinguish every portion of the mansion and its decorations. The ceilings, mantelpieces, and medallions are essentially French in design and treatment, while the carton work in the overdoors and mouldings possesses a clearness and beauty perhaps unexampled. The staircase is too well known to need comment: to sit in the Grand Hall—cool in the hottest days of August—and let the eye wander over its beautiful proportions, and idly marvel how the fairy staircase curves without visible support to the skylight, is to enjoy a sense of perfect repose and tranquillity. Out in the grounds the landscape-gardening has also been treated as an art, and the stately elms and cedars form a shady background to the smooth lawns bedecked with bright beds of yellow and white roses—the Club colours—and the countless vases gay with scarlet geraniums. At the close of each week, when London empties itself of its pleasure-seekers, the most aristocratic pay a visit to the old home of the Van der Weyers and the Comte de Paris, to listen to the perfect strains of the London Viennese Band and to partake of a quiet dinner designed by M. Powolny, the gold-medallist of the year. Coffee and cigars on the Lawn, when the moon is rising behind the trees and the singers are pouring forth melody from the wistaria-covered conservatory, is a fitting termination to a few hours pleasantly spent, and a quick spin back to town leaves one at his own door, free from indigestion, and consequently in a contented frame of mind.

In the days of old, large houses were built for comfort, and all the outbuildings were erected for the use of those who kept several carriages and a score of horses, and who also were obliged to possess their own laundries and dairies. Now, the requirements of members mean a huge stabling accommodation, so the old has given place to the new, and loose-boxes have been added to the former stables, besides utilising the dairy and laundry. In the present day it requires, however, something more than a beautiful historic house and grounds to satisfy the ideals of

members in a similar manner to that with which they are accustomed. It would be impossible to cram all the entertainments given and to come into an ordinary article on the Unique Club, as it would simply read like a fixture-card; but it will be enough to say that Mr. Stroud

Wilson has become Musical Director to Sheen House, and that concerts are arranged fortnightly, at which the leading artists of the day will appear. Glee-singing and the humorous element will not be wanting, so that the special Club Concerts are sufficiently good to attract large audiences. For Saturdays and Sundays the London Viennese Band has been engaged, and plays during the afternoon, at dinner, and during the evening. Among amusements may be mentioned lawn-tennis, croquet, and bicycle-polo, the latter now occupying general attention, the Sheen House team this year winning the All-England Championship and Cup. The catering department, at the express wish of the members, has been taken over by the Club and put under the control of M. Powolny (who obtained the Gold Medal at the Chefs' Exhibition, 1899), and he has engaged as head chef Mr. Robert Neil (late Isthmian Club), whose name alone is a guarantee for the most dainty culinary art.

If Sheen House did not hold a unique position amongst Clubs by reason of its many attractions, one of its rules has been lately altered which brings it into this category, a rule which, as far as I know, has never before been adopted by any Club, and which permits married members and their wives—if both are members of the Club—to reside at the Club. The rooms which

have been set aside for this purpose have been furnished with great taste, and the innovation has proved most popular.

It is intended to continue the entertainments during the winter, and the catering staff will remain the same, so that members can at any time be sure of a first-class luncheon or dinner, &c.

To quote a well-known writer, "Sheen House is for bicycle-polo what Hurlingham and Ranelagh are for real polo," and, owing to its efforts, the new game has taken a very prominent place in athletic sports. It reads like a fairy story that in the beginning of 1898 bicycle-polo was almost unknown, and that in 1899 an All-England Open Championship, under the patronage of the Duke of Connaught, should have been played and won before hundreds of the "Upper Ten," and that eight teams (in which were officers of the Coldstream



THE GRAND HALL.



EAST SIDE OF CLUB-HOUSE.



TENNIS-COURT AND BAND-STAND, FROM THE HOUSE.

a large membership. Most of them are accustomed to very elaborate entertainments, and the whole of the men members are recruited from the pick of the London Clubs, such as the Carlton, Army and Navy, White's, Boodle's, Brooks's, Arthur's, Wellington, and about twenty others of similar class. It becomes, therefore, a necessity to cater for

and Scots Guards, Royal Engineers, and Militia) competed for the coveted Championship Cup. Thanks to Sheen House, the game is being taken up all over the country, and next year we may hope to see competitions of county teams, regimental teams, novices' teams, and the iron steed emulating the efforts of its four-footed rival.

BURNHAM BEECHES.



Burnham Beeches, pictured here by Mr. E. J. Wallis, of Putney, belongs to the Corporation of London, which bought the surrounding 374 acres in 1879, and set them apart for the public use on Oct. 3, 1883. The poet Gray was the first to call attention to the wonderful trees.

"WHITAKER," AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The removal of the "Dream of Whitaker's Almanack" from the theatre in the building to the stage in the open air justifies further notice of a pleasant piece that marks the "high-water mark of achievement" by the Crystal Palace management. Now, when nights are long and fine, the *Revue* will wend its pleasant way across the stage in the North Tower Gardens, and the eternal stars of the heavens will twinkle sociably down upon the passing stars of the earth. With the Orange Houses for a background, the elevated gardens on the left ablaze with fairy lights, and the Surrey hills on the right, the pretty ballets of Madame Cavallazzi and Signor Coppi will redouble their charm, and when Lord Alexander Selkirk makes love to gentle Lady Ida, students of the sky will doubtless see Mars look tenderly towards Venus across the deep-blue spaces. Stately Britannia will doubtless be compared to Sirius, one of the brightest stars in all the heavens; but I cannot claim the knowledge necessary to state the stars to which Arthur Helmore will be compared, unless they will be deemed humorous Gemini. The coryphées and chorus may be likened to the myriad stars that do their duty unknown, save to a very few, though all who see them benefit by their light; shifters and stage-hands to stars whose light has not yet reached the earth; and the young people whose talent is bringing them to the

front—that clever young comédienne, Kitty Merton, is an admirable example—must be compared to stars whose importance has just been discovered by learned astronomers. It flatters my vanity to compare the Fourth Estate to learned astronomers, even though some of the lines above may have discounted the comparison. In all seriousness, let it be said that a brighter entertainment than the *Revue* is not to be seen in or near London, and people who find the weather too hot for the theatre should bear the Crystal Palace well in mind. Since the first night many changes have been made, all tending to make the piece run more smoothly, and Mr. Beauchamp's book is so deftly arranged that items can be taken out and replaced as easily as any "turn" in a variety entertainment. So the *Revue* goes briskly, ever up-to-date, and the average Briton, sitting in a comfortable seat and taking his afternoon-tea, or drinking his coffee after dinner in intervals of a fragrant cigar, will vote "The Dream of Whitaker's Almanack" a first-class production, and feel grateful to Mr. Henry Gillman, who decided that the Crystal Palace should lead the way in open-air entertainment, and to the clever company that has worked for him so loyally and well. Mr. Gillman has done more than this, for his

voice has charmed the railway companies into granting to the good people of London a series of fast-trains to and from the Crystal Palace, so that the journey is no more a thing to fear and shrink from. S. L. B.



VIOLET CAMERON AND LOUIE POUNDS AS LORD ALEXANDER SELKIRK AND LADY IDA.



BRITANNIA.



ARTHUR HELMORE AND LAURA SINDEN AS IRVING AND ELLEN TERRY.

MUSIC AND THEATRE NOTES

Miss Muriel Handley is now considered one of the finest 'cellists in this country. The daughter of the Rev. S. B. Handley, a Congregational



MISS MURIEL HANDLEY.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

minister, she studied at the Guildhall School of Music, where she was successful in winning a scholarship. Her teacher at the School was Chevalier de Munck. Miss Handley next went to Berlin, where she received tuition from the celebrated Professor Hausemann. She is much appreciated on the Continent, which is in itself a tribute to her fine playing, for there are not many English instrumentalists who can command an audience in Germany. Miss Handley has two well-known uncles—one being the Rev. Dr. G. S. Barrett, of Norwich, who edited the "Congregational Hymnal," and was Chairman of the

Congregational Union some years ago; another being Professor Barrett, of the Royal College of Science of Ireland. I may mention that

Miss Handley possesses a beautiful 'cello, on which formerly the great Paganini performed. She purchased it from Signor Piatti, in whose possession it had long been, so that with this talented player's 'cello the names of two of the greatest performers are associated. All over England Miss Handley's playing meets with great success, and she is constantly on tour throughout the country, as well as being exceedingly popular in London.

A feeling of curiosity as to how my friends of two years ago, the Misses Nebriska (Ethel and Alice Dovey), were faring led me to St. James's Hall the other evening, where I saw they were, with true Western temerity, giving a concert. The heart must have been hard that did not find something in the singing of the little ladies—still in short white frocks—worthy of the effort they were making.



MISSES MARIE LOUISE AND LILLIAN NEBRISKA.

Photo by Lafajette, New Bond Street, W.

At a time when many are groaning about the drama, it is agreeable to see that we have several young playwrights unknown to fame, or even by the man in the street, yet of real ability. Mr. Berte Thomas and Mr. Granville Barker, in "The Weather Hen," produced by Miss Madge McIntosh at Terry's, show that they have in rather a high degree—between them, for one cannot apportion—all the qualities needed by the dramatist, including the audacity which the critics will try to knock out of them. Indeed, the knock-out has begun, seeing that one morning paper, in condemning the piece, made several false statements concerning it. "Call a piece Ibsenitish and then you may write untruly about it," is the maxim of some. The Weather Hen is a young married woman who proposes to indulge in a platonic elopement with a youth of nineteen, in order to force her faithless husband to give her freedom by divorcing her. Owing to the interference of a friend, the elopement becomes a fantastic, amusing farce, with a grim vein of tragedy in it. The youth gets sick of an affair that is comical where he meant it to be passionate; the woman grows weary of the boy, and the end is that she returns to the stage and goes to the provinces. The faithless husband is left in peace, and the boy closes a chapter in his life without cutting the pages. Cynical, some will say; unsound in its mixture of tragic and comic; but all must admit the cleverness in character-drawing and skill in dialogue. And all, too, must have admired the admirable acting of Miss McIntosh, the skilful, discreet work of Mr. Graham Browne, the able character-drawing of Mr. Foss, and the excellent work of Mr. Cooper Cliffe, Mr. Willes, and Mr. Fred Thorne. The play well deserves its revival at the Comedy.

Mr. Louis N. Parker's play, "The Mayflower," is staged this week at the Croydon Theatre. Mr. Scott Buist has gathered round him an

admirable company, including Miss Gwendolen Floyd, Miss Dora Barton, Messrs. George Warde, Fred Pemberton, and William Kittredge. It is Mr. Buist's intention to bring "The Mayflower" to the West End this autumn should a suitable theatre be found. It should be added that "The Happy Life," also by Mr. Louis Parker, and produced last year with great success at the Duke of York's Theatre, is also in the bill this week.

I am glad to note the return to London of those clever dancers the Dartos. I saw them first in Paris a year or two ago, and was struck by their wonderful grace in movement and repose, as well as by the ability of the two men of the troupe to wear evening-dress with distinction. "Guess they're just elegant!" said a table-d'hôte acquaintance from a town he called "N'York," and I could not help feeling that for once the ugly term was justified. The Dartos are remarkable dancers, because, while they are apparently French and their habitat is Paris, they have created certain novelties that do not err in the direction of vulgarity. After the visits of our friends from the Moulin Rouge, whose so-called dancing outrages every canon of the dancer's art, it is a treat to find a quartette that has evolved something quite new and often completely graceful. Some of the measures are not so good as others, but all are ingenious and none is in bad taste. Then, too, the Dartos have a sensitive eye for colour, and more than once they have come as a relief to eyes tired by a series of flamboyant costumes. The present engagement to appear in the final tableau of "A Day Off," at the Alhambra, does not bring the Dartos to London for the first time. I saw them in town, at the sign of the Palace Theatre, last autumn. Mr. Slater has found an excellent place for them.

Miss Emma Hutchison, a near relative of Mr. Charles Wyndham, has had the provincial rights of most plays produced at the Criterion Theatre for some years past. This will apply also to the very last of Mr. Wyndham's productions at the Criterion, "The Tyranny of Tears." His own brief tour with Mr. Haddon Chambers's successful "comedy of temperament" at the close of his London season will be followed in the autumn by the peregrinations of three provincial companies organised by Miss Emma Hutchison and Mr. Percy Hutchison.

Gustavus V. Brooke, the strong-lunged tragedian of other days, lives in memory more perhaps by his heroic death in the historic wreck of the *London* than by his Shaksperian achievements. At any rate, Gustavus Brooke is remembered, while many of his contemporaries have long been forgotten, and hence it is interesting to note that a nephew of his, settled in America, Mr. Claud Brooke, will play Pimm Wolff, the Labour Leader, in the production of Mr. I. Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto," besides superintending the rehearsals of the two American companies engaged to play "The Christian" on the "other side."

Mr. Felix Morris, a clever and original character-actor—who was, it may be remembered, last seen in

London as the old Scotchman in "On 'Change" and in a version of "The First Night"—is now playing in the American variety-houses in a pathetic little sketch called "The Vagabond."

Miss Amy Castles was discovered in Bendigo and taken to Melbourne by some enthusiasts, who got up a £600 concert to enable her to come to Europe.

Mr. Arthur Burdett, late stage-manager of Mr. Lockwood's travelling company with "La Poupée," and who was very successful in the part of Father Maxime, has been engaged by Mr. Cyril Maude to play Rob Dow in his Southern tour of "The Little Minister."



A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD SOPRANO.

Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

THE CINÉMATOGRAPHE PLAY AT TERRY'S.

"The Lady of Ostend," at Terry's Theatre, raises a question which some day must be decided by the lawyers or Parliament. "Has a man a copyright in himself?" is Mr. Whortles' way of putting it. "Has a man the right to prevent a picture of him taken without his leave from being exhibited?" is the real question. If cinématographers go about seeking and recording



MR. GEORGE RIGNOLD AS OTHELLO AND MISS WHEELER AS DESDEMONA.
Photo by Alba, Sydney.

subjects by stealth, the question will soon become pressing. However, whatever the law, Dick Whortles, a married man, might not have found a remedy, for he was ciné-mated—I cannot use the whole word—when kissing a strange girl on the beach at Ostend. "Ex turpi causâ non oritur actio" is the lawyer's way of saying that two wrongs don't make a right—of action.

Dick had no excuse. His wife was a handsome, affectionate, tolerant woman, far more charming than the Ostend girl—a creature hired by the owner of the cinémat—to lure people into ridiculous positions, so that comic pictures might be taken for the amusement of the public and profit of her employer. So common a girl was the decoy that she married a retired pugilist, from which fact trouble arose, for Dick, when in doleful dumps because the picture had been exhibited in public and seen by his indignant wife, suddenly heard that the pugilist had made up his mind to murder the man who kissed his wife at Ostend.

Now, the pugilist could have murdered half-a-dozen Dicks with his naked hands without getting out of breath. Dick bought up the picture ere the pugilist saw it, and its place was taken by another showing the same decoy with Dick's friend, Teddy Blake. The outcome was a lively fight between Teddy and Dick against the pugilist, in which much pottery was smashed and furniture broken, but no one was hurt. Of course, in the end an explanation is offered—one of those explanations that do not explain—and everyone is happy save Dick's father-in-law, who had been ciné-mated when dancing on a table at a Covent Garden Fancy-dress Ball—I did not know such revelries were allowed. This father-in-law is a wicked old man, of whom perhaps we have had too much on the stage. Indeed, if Mr. Burnand, adapter of the play from a German piece by Blumenthal and Kadelburg, would extinguish the old man who tells his son-in-law how to deceive his own daughter, and hides his own debaucheries from his elderly wife by sham appointments with a country friend, we should be grateful. The old man is rather nasty as well as tedious, even when capably presented by Mr. Groves. Miss Ellis Jeffreys acted brilliantly as Dick's ill-treated wife, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith presented the husband effectively in his peculiar style. The character of the pugilist gave Mr. Edmund Gurney a chance of distinction, and he caused hearty laughter by a clever performance. Mr. Wilfred Draycott played the part of Teddy Blake pleasantly, but I do not think they would stand his Irish accent in Galway. Miss Clinton acted cleverly as the decoy. "The Lady of Ostend" is not a piece of true quality, but has plenty of obvious bustling fun in it, and perhaps this is the sort of thing the general public best appreciates.

E. F.'S.

SHAKSPERE AT THE ANTIPODES.

It is a significant fact that at the Criterion Theatre, Sydney, where the modern comedies of Pinero and H. A. Jones have failed in attracting large audiences, Shaksperian plays should be nightly applauded by crowded houses. Such, at any rate, has been the experience of Mr. George Rignold, whose production of "Othello," to be followed by "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "The Tempest," has proved a brilliant success. Much is due to the beautiful manner in which the play has been staged, much to the able interpretation of the subordinate characters, but almost everything to Mr. Rignold's powerful delineation of the noble Moor, a distinctly original conception, which old Australian playgoers compare favourably with that of poor G. V. Brooke. The part suits Mr. Rignold so admirably that it is a matter for surprise that he had not previously attempted it. He has adopted, with a few structural alterations, the original version, re-introducing the character of Bianca, so frequently and senselessly omitted in acting editions. Miss Lilian Wheeler, a young, graceful, and emotional actress, takes the part of Desdemona, that of Emilia being sustained by Miss Roland Watts-Phillips; while Mr. W. H. Diver, an actor of promise, gives a somewhat unconventional but effective rendering of the rôle of Iago. The play will keep the stage for a month or longer before it is succeeded by "The Merry Wives of Windsor," a convincing proof that in Australia, at least, Shakspeare and ruin are not synonymous.

GOLF.

The committee of the Monifieth Golf Club have been fortunate enough to secure a promise from Mr. Balfour that he will open their bazaar on Sept. 28. It is fitting, then, that the Leader of the Commons—an enthusiastic golfer too—should have his photograph as frontispiece to the "Monifieth Bazaar Book." This volume contains contributions from Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Neil Munro, Mr. William Allan, M.P., Mr. David S. Meldrum, Mr. D. Hay Fleming, Mr. Robert Ford, Sir John Leng, "Cynicus," Mr. George Eyre-Todd, and others, and is, therefore, of intrinsic value.



THE PRESENT DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AS NIGHT.
Painted by Desange, and in the possession of her grandson, the present Duke of Manchester, at Kimbolton Castle.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, July 12, 9.12; Thursday, 9.11; Friday, 9.10; Saturday, 9.9; Sunday, 9.8; Monday, 9.7; Tuesday, 9.6.

I have received this letter from Calcutta—

I notice in your issue of May 3 last that Master Martin Moses claims to be the youngest bicyclist in Bengal. I challenge this statement, and enclose my photo in proof thereof, taken about a year ago, when my years numbered



THE YOUNGEST TANDEM-RIDER IN BENGAL.

two and a-half, on my parents' tandem. I have often been three or four miles with my mother, and, although I must confess to doing little or no pedalling, I think I can claim to being the youngest tandem-rider in Bengal, if not in the world.—Yours faithfully,
FABIAN ALEXANDER BETTS.

It is a pity to feel that the days are now on the wane. A fortnight ago the lighting-up time was 9.19; to-day it is 9.12, and so it will continue to drop a minute or so a-day till the middle of December is reached, and then the lamps must be lit long before five o'clock. But though we are on the down grade of the year, we are hardly on the crest of the wave in summer cycling. The roads are really excellent, though there would be grumblers if they were as good as racing-tracks. Wheelmen have practically lived down the opprobrium that they are "cads on castors." There is no more hearty, genial class than cyclists. We have, of course, a rough, noisy element amongst us. But that simply means we have not reached the Millennium. And this old world would be a very dreary place to live in if we had.

The hardness of feet of natives in the East is surprising. Amongst the Burmese football is in as much popularity as it is in England. But the Burman scorns to wear boots; he kicks and dribbles and shoots goals with his bare feet. In India the Hindu or Mohammedan generally wears a thin slipper, but it is no uncommon thing to see a native barefooted ride a bicycle with rubber pedals. Only once have I ever seen an Indian ride barefooted on rat-trap pedals. It was on my own machine, and he wanted to have a turn up and down the Allahabad road. True, the spikes were well worn; but it just showed the leather-like soles he owned. He said nothing about being hurt. I remember in Central Persia the headman of a town, who was much interested in my bicycle, carefully feeling my pneumatic tyre with his thumb, and then, after some thought, asking, "Does this get harder the more you use it, like the human foot?"

There is sure to be a big crowd of cyclists in Harrogate next month, for there it was that, twenty-one years ago, the Cyclists' Touring Club was born. Mr. T. H. Holding is the father of the C.T.C., just as the C.T.C. has been the parent of other clubs, such as the Touring Club of France. Away back in the prehistoric days of 1875, Mr. Holding assisted in forming the North Gloucester Bicycle Club. The year after, when he wanted to go touring in Wales or Ireland—he didn't mind which—no information could be got in regard to these regions for touring. It was this lack of information that gave birth to the idea of a body like the C.T.C. The idea came one day when he was jaunting from Oxford to Banbury. The upshot was the Harrogate Meet in 1878 and a meeting of cyclists in the Spa Hall, when Mr. Holding presided. In those days the name of the association was the Bicycle Touring Club—altered later on.

The badge of the C.T.C., three wings upon a wheel, is one of the prettiest imaginable. But you should hear an official of the League of the American Wheelmen talk about it. For the L.A.W. feel sore about that design. It is their design, they tell you, and the English Cyclists' Touring Club appropriated it. Then they laugh at England having to go to America for its ideas. But the L.A.W. keep to their three wings on a wheel, so we have two of the greatest touring clubs in the world with an almost identical badge.

They certainly do things thoroughly "across the herring-pond." The latest telegraphic information is that a mile has been ridden under the

minute on a track between the rails, and with a train as pacemaker. But here is another story. A gentleman cyclist was loved by two lady cyclists. With him it was a case of being happy with either were the other dear charmer away. So the ladies didn't quarrel or have a duel with hat-pins. They decided to have a bicycle-race for the gentleman. It was a two-mile race, on a roadway in the suburbs of New York, and there was an immense crowd. It was a good race. The winning lady covered the two miles in some seconds under five minutes. By the tape was standing the man she loved, with a clergyman at his elbow. They were married right away.

There is no place so cool in hot weather as on a bicycle. Cycling is easier than walking, and it causes a breeze. So in some country-houses just now it is the custom after dinner to go for a mild constitutional a-wheel and in evening-dress. The idea might become general.

Other times, other manners. There is nothing so dignified as a Mayor and Corporation in gowns and cocked-hats slowly marching down a High Street, looking tremendously serious, while the onlookers are half awed, half amused. Before long, however, a special costume will have to be invented for cycling Town Councillors. The other day a dozen members of the Brighton Town Council went out on a run together. Indeed, it would be a good thing if all Town Councils had a bye-law that only capable cyclists should be eligible for election to their august body; this would be a capital plan towards always having good roads. In old days the Lord Mayor of London and the Corporation travelled in magnificent state-barges on the Thames. Nowadays there is no doubt that the Lord Mayor's Show is falling into unappreciation. Let the next Lord Mayor, therefore, think of the magnificent public enthusiasm there would be if next ninth of November he had a Lord Mayor's Cycling Show.

A cyclist down at Bristol had a splendid excuse ready when he was summonsed for riding at night without a light. He said the street was so brilliantly lighted that it was impossible for him to tell if his lamp was lit or not. The magistrate admitted this was reasonable, and allowed the delinquent to depart on payment of the costs.

Puncture stories are in vogue. The wife of a cycle-dealer went home one night in tears at having lost a beautiful brooch her husband had given her. Ten minutes later a man came into the shop to get repaired a puncture that had occurred just up the road. When the cycle-dealer looked at the wheel, he found his wife's brooch sticking in the tyre! Here's another. A cyclist found his tyre flat. It refused to inflate. When he took off the outer case he found an ants' nest. The industrious ants had bored holes through the tyre.

The chief function of some policemen in some towns in England is to be an annoyance to cyclists. A French policeman in Nice has just been dismissed from the force because he was persistently ill-natured towards cyclists. A few of our own local authorities might take a leaf out of the book of the Nice Town Council.

Here are the expressions of a newspaper editor, away down in Georgia, who has been trying to ride a bicycle—

These bladder-wheeled bicycles are diabolical devices of the demon of darkness. They are contrivances to trap the feet of the unwary and skin the nose of the innocent. They are full of guilt and deceit. When you think you have broken one to ride and have subdued its satanic nature, behold it bucketh you off in the road and teareth a great hole in your pants. Look not upon the bicycle when it bloweth up its wheels, for it bucketh like a bronco, and hurteth you like thunder. Who hath skinned legs? Who hath a bloody nose? Who hath ripped breeches? They that dally along with a diabolical bicycle.

You generally notice that all the members of a family cycle or none of them do. It must run in the blood. Take the well-known Moore



THE BEGINNERS.

Photo by Olive Holland.

family: Madame Bertha Moore, Miss Eva Moore, Miss Decima Moore, and Miss Jessie Moore, every one of them ardent cyclists. J. F. F.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Second July Meeting at Newmarket is always a quiet fixture, so far as sport is concerned, but the company present includes all the best people in the land, for the gallery element is not pronounced at the July fixtures. Turf history has proved that the sport has flourished apace



GIBRALTAR TELEGRAPHISTS AS FOOTBALLERS.

ever since the majority of our Clerks of Courses commenced to cater liberally for the "gods," and I think the time has arrived when the cheap public should get better value than they do at present at the headquarters of the Turf. The railway facilities between London and Newmarket are of the best, and cheap-trippers might easily be taken down and back for, say, five shillings. Then they could be provided with a comfortable and roomy Ring, at a further charge of half-a-crown per head. Newmarket Heath is essentially the place whereon to provide sport for the multitude, and if the Stewards of the Jockey Club could only see the thing through my spectacles, they would play up to the gallery forthwith.

The racing at Sandown Park this week will be very good, and I expect the attendance will be a record one. Of course, a great deal of interest will attach to the race for the Eclipse Stakes on Friday, but the form of Flying Fox is so pronounced that he is very likely to frighten away all serious opposition. On the Newmarket running, Royal Emblem, Dieudonné, and Ninus have no earthly chance of beating the Kingsclere champion, who is very likely to achieve a bloodless victory. The National Breeders' Foal Stakes, to be run on the second day of the meeting, is the most valuable two-year-old race of the season, and the chances are that a big field will go to the post. At the same time, I should never attempt to bring off a coup in a five-furlong race at Sandown, as I do not like the position of the starting-post. Democrat and Kerseymere are both likely to run well, unless Lord William Beresford should decide to keep Democrat in his stable and start Old Buck II. instead.

Breeders of blood-stock for sale by public auction have not fared over-well for many years now, and the American invasion is more than likely to further depress prices. As I have shown many times before, our best and richest owners are not customers at the sale-ring. They prefer to keep their own breeding-studs and race their own youngsters. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Rosebery, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild take pleasure in winning races by the aid of home-bred horses. If all the gentlemen named were compelled to go to the ring-side to purchase the animals that carry their colours, the business would hum; but, as it is, those who breed for sale have to rely in the main on City financiers and South

African millionaires for their profits. Your thorough sportsman takes as much delight in the breeding as in the racing of his horses.

I am very glad to see that the Jockey Club are about to consider a proposal to prevent any jockey whatever from owning horses. I think a jockey has quite enough to do to attend to his legitimate business, and leave the owning to others. If I had my way, no bookmaker should be allowed to own horses either, for the animals carrying the colours of some of the pencilers show most erratic form at times.

The Goodwood Meeting opens on July 25, and already the house-agents are out with their announcements concerning desirable houses to be let for the Sussex Fortnight. I believe the majority of the show-places have been taken, but there is not such a big demand as usual for the small houses, for the simple reason that the owners have of late years asked such exorbitant rents that tenants are no longer to be got. Gentlemen who attend the South Coast meetings alone find it pays them to buy a Circular Railway Ticket for Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes, and do the fixtures from London. The express services are well appointed, and they do the journey easily and quickly. It is very nice to be able to live your nights in the lovely country if you can afford it. If you can't, there is nothing for it but the railway journey each day.

Several members of the old school have, I noticed, taken to wearing blue goggles during the summer months. This is a capital idea, as they protect the eyes from the glare of the sun. But many men have to remove the goggles when looking at races through their race-glasses, while others can see perfectly well through both at the one time. No doubt, a smart oculist could devise a field-glass that could be used by all on the top of spectacles, and this would be a boon to many a short-sighted racegoer. The eyesight question is a burning one just now with some of the old-stagers, who, having travelled the circuit for half-a-century, find now that it is useless to go racing, as they can see nothing of the sport.

I note with pleasure, not to add surprise, that many of the Clerks of Courses have suddenly woken up to the importance of giving the public an understandable and useful race-card. I use the word "give" in a jocular sense, although I hope to see the day when race-cards will be given away free, gratis, and for nothing. In the meantime, I hope all cards will contain the weights for all events properly calculated; also, where possible, the past performances of the horses engaged. I can hardly go so far as to insist that a pencil should be fastened to each card, as is done with a ball-programme, and yet the first official who is smart enough to carry out my idea will earn the thanks of thousands of his patrons. Clerks of Courses might learn that in the long run it would pay them well to give all the information it is possible to get about the wares they have to sell. One pound per day admission-fee to Tattersall's Ring should command a deal more than it does at the present time.

CAPTAIN COE.

FOOTBALL.

The Eastern Telegraph Company's football team at Gibraltar have won the silver cup subscribed for by the merchants and played for by the civilians on the "Rock." This team, consisting entirely of members of the Eastern Telegraph Company's staff, have won the cup in their first year, the runners-up being a local team called the "Prince of Wales's," who were beaten in the final by four goals to nil.



LORD'S AS IT APPEARED ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MATCH.

Photo by L. E. Montardino.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

The thinning-out of the Season has absolutely begun to be an all-apparent fact. Within the last few days it has been noticeable; within the next week it will be accomplished; by the one following, "Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse" will never have been more truly applicable to time,



[Copyright.]

A PRETTY BUT SIMPLE DESIGN.

place, or person than to the London Season. An influx, a whirlwind, a dispersal, and all within ten short weeks, though, indeed, now it is even less, and the time more circumscribed than a generation ago, when families moved sedately up with a retinue of servants and horses galore into their town-house, and revolved in exalted orbits for three appointed months, after which the country-house once more swallowed them up for the remaining nine of placid pastoral dullness. A good deal of hunting then, as now, for the men, while tambour embroidery and cake-making was found all-sufficient wherewith to occupy the unfilled hours of the women. We have changed all that, though, with a vengeance, and life nowadays has resolved itself into a perpetual scamper from one place to another—three weeks at Homburg, four with the grouse in the Highlands, then the turnips and partridges lower down, with hunting to follow, and the general exodus South before or after Christmas, which brings one back again to the Parliamentary waking-up in town, and the Season, coming and going like a flash, to follow all.

With women eternally on the move after this improved modern condition of things, there comes the inevitable necessity of a greatly increased dress-allowance, which each season seems to grow greater as events overlap themselves more quickly. Now we are all in the agonies yet delights of preparing suitable and becoming raiment for that festive foregathering deservedly known as Glorious Goodwood. The half-used habiliments which have run the gauntlet of Season occasions will not do here for what is admittedly the tit-bit of the Season's gaieties, and so

the dressmakers are hard at work creating smart effects that shall outshine all their previous creations and show up advantageously on the beautiful background of shrubbery and lawn that Goodwood affords.

A dress of white embroidered muslin which has just been done by Jay for a well-known Goodwood hostess is a new and extremely becoming version of white silk-embroidered muslin. Over the bodice is worn one of the new short boleros, inlaid with guipure insertion, and, after the new manner, the neck is left free, the lace bolero coming up to within an inch of it. The bolero is tied in front with a bow of pale-green surah, and a wide draped band of the same silk encloses the waist. Under the short sleeves of guipure, which stop just above the elbow, tight sleeves of tucked white chiffon are brought down, which are continued to the wrist. The skirt also, of course, is inlaid with the same guipure and trimmed round the end with a wide flounce, the effect of the pale-green silk foundation showing up through the muslin and guipure producing an extremely charming effect.

The sleeves of all dresses, by the way, are still treated to long pointed or rounded cuffs, which sometimes come to the knuckles, or even beyond. This has, of course, the effect of apparently decreasing the size of the band, and is much in favour with the Parisienne. Apropos, women are lately wearing a greatly increased number of rings. American and French women particularly indulge in this form of vanity—not that our own are far behind—and one constantly sees a pretty hand that really looks more like a jeweller's advertisement than otherwise. It is said that abroad this new fashion of wearing quantities of rings is



[Copyright.]

A DAINTY PICTURE-DRESS.

doing away with the wearing of gloves, and that mittens are slowly coming into fashion, which, whatever may be said for their wear indoors, never look quite the thing in the street.

While on the topic of gauds and gew-gaws, I am reminded of the newest form of masculine departure in this jewellery connection, which marks quite an era in the wearing of ties, and gives a more finished air to

the well-set-up youth of England. This new idea consists of a fine-gold wire tie-clip, set with a single pearl for day wear and diamonds for the evening, which has been brought out by Wilson and Gill, and has already commended itself to the well-groomed, eternal masculine here and elsewhere. The idea, admirably carried out, is to keep the tie in its proper position without the aid of pins. The clip, which is invisible when on, is easily arranged, and, without being in the least showy, gives a smart and well-turned-out air which the smart man always owns. The price is modest, a clip set with pearls being only £1, and those with fine diamonds £2 15s. the pair, so that, from the birthday or wedding-present aspect, it easily and suitably solves that always difficult question of what to give a man on such occasions.

Wilson and Gill are particularly clever in both obtaining and inventing exclusive designs in jewellery, and some of their large corsage ornaments, tiaras, and necklets are really quite worth a visit from the collector's point of view alone. The excellence of the stones employed

and their particularly fine workmanship are noticeable even to the tyro in such matters. An illustration which is given on this page of the exquisitely set diamond and turquoise necklet, attached to its fine gold chain, will instance the good taste for which this firm has long been remarkable. A pearl and diamond tiara, raised very high in front after the new fashion, and treated to five splendid pear-shaped pearls of singular lustre and shape, is one of the most beautiful things one can see even in this age of universal excellence, and is a result, like most of the ornaments produced by the same firm, of artistic design and of the finished work of the lapidary. Diamond pendants, which are again so much in fashion, are a speciality of Wilson and Gill, and from the most elaborate to the simplest pattern have all the particular *chic* which one recognises in the best efforts of the Rue de la Paix.

A design in lace done in diamonds, arranged as a true-



[Copyright.]

A HANDSOME GOWN FOR GOODWOOD.

lovers' knot, for the hair is inexpressibly smart, and would recommend itself to any woman who aims at originality. The old fob-chains are being re-introduced by these enterprising goldsmiths, who have copied all the best old designs, as well as introduced several exclusive ones of their own. In silver ware, from rat-tailed spoons to toilet-brushes, Wilson and Gill have a most representative collection, and I was much fascinated by a new version of wine-cradle done in silver or electro-plate, which the possessor of respectably ancient Port or Burgundy should by all means know of. A fine crystal claret-bottle, with green serpent-handle and with silver mounts, is another of the uncommon elegancies of which this firm always contrives to have such a store; while in the matter of the new charms which we hang from neck-chain or bangle, there is practically an endless list of entirely original quips and cranks that contain at least half-an-hour's amusement in turning over. The porcelaine-à-feu mounted in electro-plate is, again, a speciality with Wilson and Gill, and every house-proud hostess should possess herself of these soufflet, entrée, and other glorified food-containers which they produce so successfully.

In this life, although we are condemned to suffer many things, we

still are left the enjoyment of one, and that is the power of looking forward, without which the world indeed is lost, though not for love.

At the present moment, in view of the rapidly dissolving Season, our thoughts are busy with the coming delights of Spa and moor and seaside

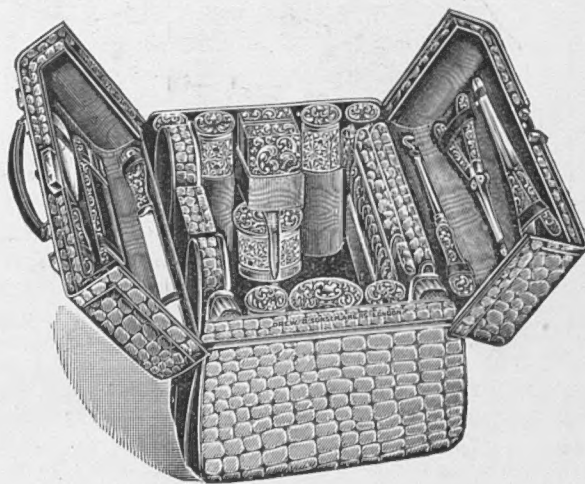


DIAMONDS AND TURQUOISES AT WILSON AND GILL'S.

and long summer days amidst leafy green, the pleasures of which are intensified by the contrast of the whirligig which we are at the moment occupied in forsaking. Omar Khayyám wanted but few things here below, a seat under a greenwood tree being one of the chiefest amongst them. The up-to-date poet, however ethereal, would not, however, be annoyed by the presence of a well-filled luncheon-basket, and it is here and now, at this present juncture of universal flitting, that our faithful friends, Drew and Sons, of Piccadilly, make their recognisance when called upon.

There never was, and never will be, a more useful, comforting, or, one may add, ornamental friend than the luncheon-basket with which that famous house has enriched the world, if one excepts the friend in need to follow which is comprehended in their tea-basket. Travelling, even of the worst kind, becomes not only supportable but pleasant when accompanied by that "*en route* basket" which is the *vade mecum* of the voyager, while, for gala occasions, as picnics, river-parties, race-meetings, rendezvous on the moor-side with the guns, or other pleasant reunions of the bright summer day, one of the Drew's luncheon-baskets, big or little, is the crux of the whole occasion.

While still on the subject of departures or arrivals, a word must be said on the immense improvement this firm has effected in the common or garden travelling-bag, which has been evolved by them from a mere collection of necessities to an elaborate and well-thought-out arrangement which meets and anticipates every possible want or wish of the voyaging public. These bags of Drew's are entirely made on their own premises by their own workmen, and are of the most finished materials it is possible to procure, so that, as a consequence, a Drew bag will wear out everything but its owner's friendship. The illustration



A BEAUTIFUL TRAVELLING-BAG AT DREW'S.

given herewith shows one of their latest departures. The interior is a harmony of gold and crystal bottles and brown crocodile-skin, and is but one of hundreds of others arranged to meet the wants of our present luxurious and appreciative generation.

SYEIL.

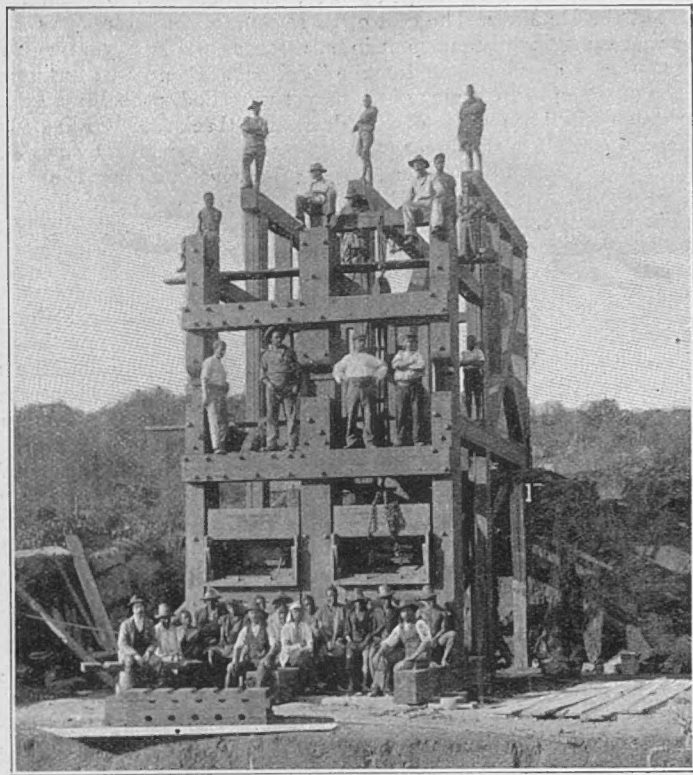
On Independence Day, at the Lyceum, Edinburgh, after the performance of "Pinafore," the D'Oyly Carte Répertoire Company sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," following it up by "Rule, Britannia." The Bo'sun and the Carpenter's Mate appeared from the opposite entrances, bearing the American and British flags, which they crossed in the centre of the stage. The audience rose and cheered again and again.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 26.

THE MARKETS.

Every department of the Stock Exchange has been more or less under the influence of the South African war-cloud, and from day to day prices have reflected the prevailing opinion of the moment as to whether President Kruger would give way sufficiently to prevent war or not.



REZENDE, LIMITED, BATTERY: SHOWING PROGRESS OF ERECTION.

Our readers know that we have never believed in matters coming to actual hostilities, and, if the reports which have been current during the last two days are correct, the danger should be nearly over. Consols have been very flat, not so much because of South African matters as on account of holders recognising that there are many other first-class securities with prospects of improvement in price standing at considerably lower prices. Yankee Railways have been good, and we expect will be still better, but Mines have, of course, been very stagnant, and in the Commercial and Industrial Markets the only lively spot has been the Welsbach stocks, to which we allude in a later part of these Notes. Some new issues have gone well, it being understood that the Cuban Central Railway Debentures, Ind, Coope, and Co.'s Preference shares, and the Ashby Brewery securities were all well applied for.

REZENDE, LIMITED.

This week we give two illustrations of the Rezende Mine, near Umtali, for which we are indebted to the kindness of the Chairman, Mr. Nicol Brown. The company is among the promising ventures of Rhodesia, and has compromised its royalties with the Chartered Company by a payment of 13,500 shares of £1 each out of a total capital of £150,000. We have doubts, not yet completely dissipated, about the whole of the gold-mining industry of Charterland; but, if the reports which are at the disposal of the directors of the Rezende property turn out accurate, the mine should within a reasonable time prove a highly payable proposition. Without going into technical details, we may say that the directors believe some thirty thousand tons of ore above the water-level have been opened up, said to average 15 dwt. to the ton, while at 200 ft. a reef 4 ft. 9 in. thick, giving an average bulk assay of 2 oz. 4 dwt. per ton, has been proved. A ten-stamp battery, with complete cyanide plant to treat each month a thousand tons of tailings, has been sent out, and will be in operation by the end of this month, and it is confidently anticipated that regular returns will be made during the coming autumn. The gamble is whether the ore will prove up to expectation or not.

YANKEES.

We have alluded on several recent occasions to the disposition that is becoming apparent on the part of speculators, and investors too, to clear out of South Africans, and to turn their attention to the American Market. There has been a vast amount of noise in Shorter's Court during the last week, and the Street Market has been continued on several occasions to an unusually late hour. It is not to be inferred, however,

from these indications that the public is taking anything like a free hand in the market, but that there is a good deal more general interest being manifested in Yankee Rails nobody connected with the Stock Exchange will deny. Between the inner ring of professionals and the outer body of the public exists a medium party, which is always on the lookout to make a dollar or two by what is technically called "punting"—that is to say, buying or selling merely upon the look of the market at the moment, without any consideration of intrinsic values. This class it is which has been dabbling pretty freely of late on the "bull" tack. Whether its example will be followed by the more general public on this side of the Atlantic is questionable, but it is quite on the cards that the unsettlement of affairs in the Transvaal will prove the ill-wind that blows good to the Yankee Market.

We consider that the time is ripe for an American advance. Advices from the "other side" go to show that the rude stoppage of financial prosperity in the States, due to the absurd manipulations of the Trust Frenzy, is being gradually removed, while the railroads report on the whole excellent traffics month by month. To a certain extent the very cause of the trouble has helped to contribute to the prosperity of the principal lines: evils are seldom unmixed even in the world of Yankee Rails. Besides this, huge amounts of money throughout the United States are seeking investment; gilt-edged bonds are being bought up until the prices are almost as high as they were in the earlier part of the decade, and to obtain 4 or 5 per cent. on railway investments in the States the shares of the leading railroads are the only class of investment available. Rubbish shares we do not advise, except as a gamble pure and simple, but the better-class shares, it seems to us, possess every chance of an appreciation before the end of the year.

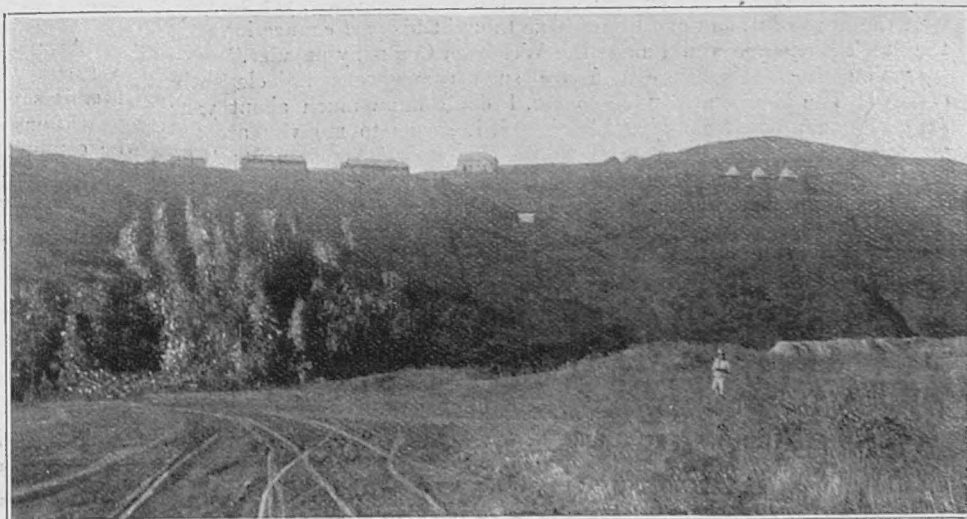
THE WEST AUSTRALIAN MARKET.

The same remarks which we have applied to Yankees in relation to the South African imbroglio refer also, in a more limited degree, to West Australians. Indeed, to a certain section of the public, Kangaroos do possess more attraction than Americans, owing to their lower prices and the fact that an eighth rise in the mining shares is equal to five times as much in Yankees. There is, however, a want of confidence in Westralians which has been one of the market characteristics ever since the first "boom" came so ignominiously to grief. Now that so many of the mines have reached the producing stage, we may expect to see a gradual restoration of faith, unless the promoting companies by their greed again bring the market into public disrepute. So far as the colony is concerned, every effort is being made to foster the progress of the gold-mining industry. Between Sir John Forrest and President Kruger what a gulf is fixed!

Great Boulders are among the most promising of West Australian ventures, and Great Boulder Main Reef at 2 are certainly worth buying to put away. Ivanhoe may in time rival its famous predecessor, and we have reason to believe that Golden Horseshoes are intended to go to 20, when yet another split is contemplated. For those who like a cheap share, we would point to Gibraltar Consolidated, which can be picked up round about seven-and-sixpence. Latterly, the company's returns have been disappointing; but more favourable ore may be met with at any moment, and for a small speculation the shares deserve attention. The market is talking Sons of Gwalia and Stars of Gwalia considerably higher; but the former have already had a sharp rise, and we do not see much more to go for until the new plant is in working order, six months hence. In a lively market, Hainaults should go much better, and, among the parent companies, we understand the London and West Australian Exploration has several good properties whose flotation should materially improve its price.

A PROGRESSIVE TRUST.

The little "Trusts" which we have suggested from time to time have met with so much favour from our readers that we need offer no apology for instituting another of a somewhat different kind. Our former Trusts have been mainly for the securing of a good rate of interest by spreading the capital over various stocks; our present example is selected with the



REZENDE, LIMITED: STAFF AND WORKMEN'S QUARTERS, OFFICE, AND STORE.

idea of suggesting investments that are likely to improve in value within the next year or two. It will be found that the rate of interest derivable from the following securities is lower than that of our former Trusts, each stock being of a high-class investment character, the price of which, in our opinion, will stand considerably higher in the early part of the next century. Taking £1000 as our basis, we will suppose that it is utilised in the purchase of—

£200 London County Council 2½ per cent. Stock	...	Cost	£186
£200 North-Eastern "Consols"	...	"	370
10 Pennsylvania shares	...	"	141
£100 South Behar Railway	...	"	103
£200 Natal-Zululand 3 per cent. Debentures	...	"	176
			£976

All these are readily marketable, with the exception of the last, which is always more readily sold than bought; as an alternative, we would suggest the Ordinary shares of the Grand Junction Canal, standing at £146, which are easier to get hold of, although the price is not so likely to improve.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Did you buy yourself those Louisvilles I told you to?" queried The Stockbroker, as he settled himself down in his favourite corner and opened his paper to look at the American prices.

"Yes, I did," replied The Merchant. "Do you think I ought to take my profit on them? Four dollars a-share on my hundred will just do to pay hotel expenses at the seaside for a week or two."

"I think I should sell them and put the money into something else," counselled The House Man. "Don't quite know what to put you into, but it makes you miserable not to have some little spec. to watch, doesn't it?"

The Banker thought he saw an opportunity for enforcing his favourite lesson. "Ah!" he said, "this speculation will be the ruin of the country, and you, who ought to know better, are doing your best to encourage rather than to check the Spirit of the Age. Why, even my butler came to me yesterday, humbly asking my pardon, and would I mind telling him what he ought to do with his Graskops!"

"Talking about Graskops," remarked The Engineer, "I wonder if that Lydenburg district is ever likely to be worth anything again? Did you notice that alluvial gold is said to have been found there a week or two ago? Perhaps there may be a chance still for Lisbons, Balkis Land, and rubbish of that sort. Anyway, if I held shares in those concerns I certainly shouldn't throw them away at present."

"I would rather buy Indian Mines," submitted The Stockbroker.

"Prices are quite high enough, my dear sir, in my opinion. You get a good interest on your money, but not half the 'run' that you do out of Kaffirs."

The Jobber stopped cutting out the prices. "You buy yourself some Heriots," he said oracularly; "they pay you jolly well, and the price is going much better. If you don't like Heriots, try Durban-Roodepoort, where you get about 13 per cent. on your money and a very steady stock into the bargain."

"How about its life?"

"My dear fellow," returned The Jobber, "you hear a lot about the length of a mine's life, but how often do you hear of the death of a mine; I should like to know? It is all very well to have these elaborate statistics, and so on; but you will find that, for one company which winds up owing to lack of ore, there will be a score breaking out into new levels, new acquisitions, new ground, and affairs will go on without a break. You will have to wait till the Millennium for the final flare-up. President Kruger—"

"Who said 'flare-up'?" drowsily interjected The Quiet Man, shaking himself out of a nap. "Were you fellows talking about Welsbach or Russian Oils?"

"Wish I had sold my Welsbach Ordinary at 95," groaned The Banker. "I invested some money in that at the beginning of the year and have seen the stock fall a quarter of a century with hardly one rally. It has been going up a bit lately, but I don't know what to do with it."

"It is rather strange how much that company is hated in the House," ruminated The Stockbroker. "There is not a man in the Miscellaneous Market who has a kind word for it, and the jobbers always seem to think they are bound to lose money over a deal in the stock, yet Burdett is at the head of it, and one would have thought his past connection with the Stock Exchange would make the Welsbach Company popular."

"You Stock Exchange men are such rummy chaps," elegantly observed The Merchant. "Of course, I don't know much about your little kingdom, but, from what I've heard, it seems to me you are the most inconsistent of creatures. Take the Companies' Amendments Acts, for instance. What have you people in the House done to protect outsiders from fraud? How many of you fellows take the slightest interest in the present Bills before the House of Commons?"

"Well," said The Stockbroker, "the Committee are doing something. They pass an occasional rule about Special Settlements and Official Quotations which does certainly help to deter the swindling promoter from plying his trade, and"—a happy thought suddenly striking him—"we have got a House-man up at St. Stephen's Faithfully Begging for justice to the investor." He looked round for a sympathetic smile, but none came. "You are dense!" he exclaimed disgustedly.

"Mansion House! Mansion House!" shouted a porter as the train ran into the station.

THE WELSBACK POSITION.

A good deal of uncertainty appears to exist about the effects of the recent decision of the Court of Appeal as to the De Mare patents and

its result on the Welsbach Company. The facts may be very briefly stated as follows: The New Incandescent Gas Light Company, which sells "Sunlight" mantels, bought up the patents for De Mare burners, while the Welsbach Company bought the Kern burner patents, alleged to be an infringement of the De Mare. After much negotiation, the New Incandescent Company sold the De Mare patents to what they thought was an American syndicate, but before completion of the purchase discovered that the real purchasers were the Welsbach people. On this ground, the Court of Appeal has set aside the sale, and the New Incandescent Company, as the now admitted owner of the De Mare burner patents, is free to carry on its action against the Welsbach Company for selling the Kern burners, which are said to be an infringement of the De Mare. The cost of these same Kern patents was £80,000, and vast sums have been spent in advertising their advantages, so that the matter is a serious one for the Welsbach Company; but, inasmuch as the question of infringement is as yet unsettled, probably a great deal too much has been made of the decision. Welsbach Ordinary are, of course, a gamble. If the electric-lamp patents turn out a success, those who buy now will reap a good profit; but, inasmuch as the main gas patent expires next May, the flood-gates of competition will then be open, and, unless some new field is found, the outlook is by no means reassuring.

THE HARDEBECK REPORT.

The first report and balance-sheet of Hardebeck and Bornhardt, Limited, in which a good many of our readers are interested, is, in its way, an astonishing document. With a capital of £120,000, the actual trading profit for the year ending May 13, 1899, is £39,000 (not £29,000, as the directors wish the world to believe), for, before bringing the balance into profit and loss, a sum of £10,000 is deducted for contingencies, and this large sum has been made after providing for directors' fees, office expenses, and other outgoings, which usually come into the account afterwards as special items. It is true only 8 per cent. is paid on the Ordinary shares, but £21,000 is carried forward, ensuring the maintenance of the company's prosperity for a long time. The Board might have given the proprietors a little more to spend, but no body of shareholders is likely to grumble with an ultra-conservative handling of the company's resources, especially as such a policy is sure to give the concern a stability and a standing which is dear to the heart of every British investor.

Saturday, July 8, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

T. O. H.—The publishers of "Wealth and Wildcats" are Messrs. Downey and Co., of 12, York Street, Covent Garden.

A. F.—We are very sorry that you do not approve of our City Notes, but, as a shareholder in Rhodesian Gold Mines, we quite understand that we are not believers in the country is vexing to you. Time will prove who is right.

E. D.—The selling prices are about as follows: (a) Ordinary, 21s. 6d.; Pref., par; (b) Ordinary, par; Pref., 17s. 6d.; (c) Ordinary, 1½; Pref., 1½; (d) No price.

ALFRED.—(1) The Frederick Hotels Debentures will not hurt you. (2) See this week's Notes, which explains the position.

E. H.—(1) Paringa. (2) Lake View. (3) Bovril. (4) Golden Link.

ANNUITY.—Either of the offices named by you are quite safe. We prefer the Old Equitable, but you had better get rates from all of them, and buy in the cheapest.

SAFETY.—See the 4 per cent. Trust in last week's Sketch. You might substitute Ashby's Staines Brewery Debentures or City of Auckland 1930 6 per cent. Bonds for the Louisville Gold Bonds, if, as you say, you object to Yankee Railways.

CORNUBIA.—(1) We have no special information, but think it is a wild cat. (2) A poor concern, not likely to turn out well. We will inquire if any accounts are to be obtained.

ELECTRIC.—(1) The syndicate shares appear to be unsaleable. If we can get any quotation, we will let you know next week. (2) No. (3) Shall be sent to you.

A. J. P.—The people you name are mere robbers, who plead the Gambling Act whenever a client tries to recover. Have no dealings of any sort with them.

Arrangements have, we understand, been completed by Messrs. William Wallace and Co., Limited, of Curtain Road, to acquire extensive premises at 125, New Bond Street, where, as soon as the necessary alterations are completed, the West-End business of the company will be conducted.

Seaside visitors will, no doubt, welcome the inauguration by the Brighton Company of a new fast train leaving Victoria at 11 a.m. for Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. The new train runs straight through to Bexhill without stopping, Eastbourne carriages being slipped at Polegate. Hastings is reached seven minutes under the two hours. A new fast train leaves Hastings at 4.10 p.m., arriving at Victoria exactly two hours later.

Visitors to the principal seaside resorts will find that every facility is given them by the Great Western Railway summer arrangements. Frequent trains run every week-day from Paddington to Weymouth, Dawlish, Ilfracombe, Torquay, Plymouth, Barmouth, Aberystwyth, and so forth. There is a daylight service to the Channel Islands in connection with the 8.50 train, and weekly excursions every Saturday by day and night service. There are also excursions to the West of England and to the Scilly Isles.